

Volume XI

AUGUST, 1904

Number 12



The Club Woman

Woman's World

Woman's Struggle
for Power

Mrs. Doré Lyon



Little Home Libraries
for the Children

Katherine Louise Smith



Reflections of A
Daughter-in-Law

Mabel Potter Daggett

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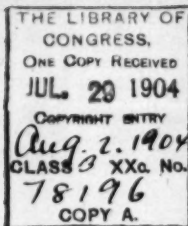
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The Club Woman

Woman's World

A Magazine devoted especially to the interests of women in Club Life, and all similar forms of organization—but broad enough in its scope and policy to appeal to the whole world of women at large

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Vice-President
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL CLUB WOMEN

Now that THE CLUB WOMAN has been re-endorsed by the General Federation and re-adopted as its Official Organ, the management of THE CLUB WOMAN desires to co-operate with the Executive Board of the General Federation in making it truly the means of communication and has decided to offer an unusual extraordinary inducement to all club women for a *limited period of time*.

We will deliver the Magazine for *one year* to any NEW subscriber for *twenty-five cents*, provided that one hundred or more subscriptions are sent in at one time and from one place.

This is barely the cost of mailing the twelve copies of the year, but if EVERY INDIVIDUAL CLUB WOMAN in the United States will subscribe at this rate, the advertising will pay all other expenses.

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Woman's Struggle for Power

CIVILIZATION, education and development have not been entirely unqualified blessings to woman. The use of her freedom from the old conditions of bondage and absolute subservience to man has brought about an abuse of her new powers of independence.

¶ Unfortunately for her sex and for herself the abuse of that power is most generally directed against other women.

¶ With the raising of the gentler sex to a plane of nearer equality to man, woman has come to imbibe some of his principles and characteristics in his relation to his fellow men and with her superior imitative faculties, she has been placed in the dangerous position of recognizing effects only, without a due appreciation of the several causes.

¶ One of the most fascinating and most perilous weaknesses which has come to woman in her upward march has been the desire for power,—not the ambition for power which has behind it a worthy motive of some great work to be accomplished, some grand achievement to bring to pass,—but the petty desire to be a ruler for the sake of ruling, to occupy a place a little higher than the rest, a vantage ground from which she can look down upon others who acknowledge themselves her inferiors and who meekly follow her bidding under the influence of the old woman's placid acceptance of an aggressive authority.

¶ Surely the time has come when something more than an indomitable will or a desire for the pomp of office should be deemed sufficient to place a woman in the acknowledged position of leadership.

¶ As a sex we have not as yet gone out into the great world to unite for purposes of material aggrandizement. We have formed no big companies for gain or financial influence, so that the desire for leadership among us has not the rational, if somewhat un-noble excuse even, of personal gain.

¶ As a class of human beings we may admit that as far as our being the aggressors and instigators of important results to the world, we are yet in our in-

fancy. Our policy, up to the present time, has been rather more remedial than original.

¶ Even the most rabid objector to the advancement of women must admit that thus far woman's public work has been directed solely to the improvement of conditions affecting the home, the perfect development of the child, and the citizen.

¶ Philanthropic altruism has been the keynote sounded by the united efforts of organized womanhood, the inspiration which has brought women to band themselves together to work for the common weal.

¶ And so, realizing that this is the truth, and that the union of women is voluntary and for noble purposes only, is it not time that care should be exercised in the choice of our leaders?

¶ The honor of a great office should not be bestowed upon a woman unless she has proved herself worthy of the trust. Where there are vital interests at stake and serious work to be done no mere personal ambition, partiality of friends nor pleasing personality should be taken into consideration.

¶ As in the case with all great official responsibilities the office should seek the woman and she should be chosen, not because she wants it, nor because her friends want her to have it, but because there is that within her which proves her to be qualified to lead and, above all, because she will be modest and considerate in her treatment of her fellow-women when she has attained to power.

¶ The club and social world are furnishing us with many unedifying spectacles at the present time of the abuse of power and the dangers of raising women to prominence, who, not possessing within themselves the instinctive qualifications for leadership, should have been left to live out their lives in the kindly shadows of a gentle oblivion.

¶ There is a vital truth in the old adage concerning the "beggar on horseback." The poor, misguided, self-deluded victim of a temporary notoriety, unfitted by the limitations of her nature for the big part she

is called upon to play, unconscious because unable to appreciate the fact that true greatness is from *within*, not *without*, passes on in her self-satisfaction from one mistake to another, until all the world, except herself, realizes that her crown is only paper, and that with the expiration of her term of office she will pass from the memory of her kind, *sans* honor and *sans* regret.

¶ Unfortunately the path of women of this description is strewn with humiliations and indignities to others. The "I am *It*" type of woman knows nothing of gentleness, courtesy, consideration or kindness. She rules by the force of official authority, asking nothing, demanding everything. And what she may justly demand she will get—while her authority lasts, —but when it is taken away, with it goes her last remnant of power, for the only kingdom that prevails against time and destruction is the kingdom of love, and we turn away from the woman with the paper crown to the woman who, raised to a high position by the demands of her followers, may take them by the hand, and by acknowledging her dependence upon them, her appreciation of their support and jealousy that the rights of each and every one should be safeguarded, proves her title to true greatness and her suitability for the honorable office conferred upon her.

¶ We hear much about the Pettinesses and Mean-nesses of women. It is an old song, sung by men for centuries past, and being sung in our own time and

generation, and alas, women themselves are not slow in joining in the general chorus. Where men will slink and run away and refuse to face the hydra-headed monster, women, enabled by the grace of God to discern these menaces to public peace, should rise up in their might and endeavor to overcome and exterminate the unsightly perils to progress and advancement.

¶ And one way to accomplish this is to be careful not to put a woman who possesses ignoble characteristics in a position of authority. She will doubtless work to get such a position. She is the kind that usually does, for not otherwise would anyone suspect that she was really "great"—but the grand upward march of the sex towards a "safe and sane Democracy" in its broadest sense, demands that our leaders and our women of prominence should be women of irreproachable characteristics; virtuous, with the virtue of genuine goodness; moral, with the morality that recognizes the rights of others; true, with the truth that realizes that consideration and kindness go hand in hand with power, and capable, with the ability to lead, to guide, to encourage and to defend.

¶ When we will have arrived at this stage of the game of Woman's Progress, and known how to select and *elect* our proper standard-bearers, we will have taken a great step in advance, and gone a great way towards removing some of the ignoble stains that have been thrust upon the name of WOMAN.



Eternal Womanhood

O Mother-God—for surely there must be
 A Mother Godhead unto whom we may,
 We women, in our need, reach out and pray;
 A tender, pitying spirit that can see
 Into our soul-deeps, with rich sympathy
 Each heart throb echo, and in full repay
 The spendthrift love poured forth in woman's way—
 Our womanhood's thrice blessed Trinity.
 O Mother-God, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 Burned with hot tears, tears only women know,
 Tears wrung from secret sorrow unexpressed;
 The mother-pain, the lone wife's stifled cries—
 Misunderstood! I am so tired; oh,
 Fold Thou thine arms about me; let me rest!



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General Federation Notes

Sarah Platt Decker

I quote from a letter received from the President of the New West Virginia Federation, "I wish the General Federation had some central bureau of literature along certain lines of work, and a bureau of information." How many times and by how many club members has that wish been echoed!

Is not the time ripe for a beginning?

Two plans of systematizing this work are suggested. First, that a member of the Board of Directors shall be chairman of Bureau of Information—Headquarters, or what we may choose to call it. Her Committee shall consist of four members of the Federation, selected from North, South, East and West—each member of the committee to be in charge of a specified area—her duty to be the collection of year-books, dates, publications, histories, and reports of the Clubs and Federations in her respective district. All to be sent to the chairman and distributed from her office.

The second plan is similar to the above with this difference: The Committee shall consist of eleven members, each one to be assigned to the duty of collecting the data and information concerning the work of one of the standing Committees of the General Federation. If the latter plan was adopted—it could include, beside Federation reports, other matter pertaining to the work in which the Federation is interested. It could be catalogued and systematized, provided we could find a committee and chairman, with what an old lady used to call the "divine spark" May we not have some opinions upon this matter, so that the Board will feel justified in taking some preliminary steps at the September meeting?

The President of the Arkansas Federation writes: "It is the desire of my heart to see a library in every

hamlet or even cross-roads store, to say nothing of Public Schools in the State, and the watchword of this administration is libraries, and still more libraries."

And a splendid watchword it is. Unless one has lived in a new State, where the distances are great, and the people widely scattered, one cannot appreciate the great, almost untold blessing of the coming of books. We feel sure that the libraries will come to Arkansas. With such an enthusiastic leader there can be no failure.

At a meeting of the Council held the day after the Biennial in St. Louis, it was requested that the State Presidents send names of members of their respective Federations to the President of the General Federation. These names to be used in the selection of the standing committees of the General Federation. Seven States responded, Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

We shall hope to have other lists as soon as possible. To refresh our memories, the list of standing committees is appended: Educational Committee, Library Extension Committee, Industrial Committee, Child Labor Committee, Art Committee, Reciprocity Committee, Civic Committee, Forestry Committee, Civil Service Reform Committee, Legislative Committee.

The election of new officers for the Federation reminds me of a story which I used to hear told "back home" as the Western vernacular names it. You must know that "back East" means Iowa, Michigan, even Ohio and Illinois, but "back home" can only refer to one locality in the wanderer's mind and that is New England. The story was told by a good Deacon in a Baptist church of a Massachusetts village. Over this church for many years had presided a dearly beloved pastor. Year after year, he had

served faithfully the people and expounded the doctrines and creed with unfailing wisdom and sound theology. Only one sorrow had come to disturb his peaceful and happy reign, and that was the fact that no matter how eloquent his sermon or vigorous his delivery, every one of his Deacons slept comfortably through from beginning to end of every service. This much grieved his tender soul. After many years the dear pastor was granted a vacation and went to a neighboring city, exchanging pulpits with the minister in that district as the fashion was in those days. Upon his return, what was his distress and amazement to be told by his wife that the Deacons kept wide awake every Sunday during his absence. Then, indeed, his heart was broken, and he called the brethren together, and with choking voice and tearful eyes stated the case, closing with these words: "Dear Brethren—How can I bear the thought that you close your ears to my preaching, I, who have ministered to you for years, but when a stranger appears you give him your close attention. My heart is sad, indeed." For a moment there was silence, then with a happy smile and a merry laugh, the elder Deacon stepped forward, and grasping the pastor's hand, he

answered: "That's all true, parson, but don't you know we know your doctrine's all sound, but when there's a new man, we have to keep awake to watch."

Now that's the duty of the Women of the Federation. When the new officers come in—no more sleeping! Stay awake and watch! See if the new doctrine is satisfactory, and if not, let us know. We shall always welcome honest criticism, and it is the best mind discipline in the world to find yourself in the wrong. There's no better saying for a club woman than the one of Joubert's: "Those who never retract their own opinions, love themselves more than they love truth."

The editor of the General Federation Notes for September will be Mrs. Chas. A. Perkins, 1547 West Clinch Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

All communications should be sent to Mrs. Perkins or the President not later than the 1st of August.

Mrs. Williams of Minnesota will have the October number.

[The Editor of the Federation "notes" for November, whose name was printed in the July number as Mrs. J. Lindsey Johnson, should have been Mrs. Alice M. Johnson.]

South Carolina Federation

THE Seventh Annual Convention of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs met in Newberry, S. C., June 15th. It proved to be one of the most inspiring and socially delightful Conventions ever held. Newberry, a quiet, tree-shaded old town, showed rare hospitality and warm cordiality. No pains were spared in entertaining her guests.

The meeting of the Executive Board of the Federation occurred Tuesday at 6 P.M., in the Opera House, and was followed by a meeting of the Board of Directors. At the latter meeting a resolution was adopted recommending that the Convention in session should adopt a rule that delegates should no longer expect free entertainment when attending annual Conventions; or as one of the advocates of the change argued, to put the Convention of Women's Clubs upon a business, and not a sentimental basis. When brought to a vote the motion was overwhelmingly lost and next year the Convention meets at Union, S. C., to be entertained, no doubt, with the same grace and charm of hospitality bestowed upon it by Newberry.

Tuesday evening, in the home of Mrs. J. N. Martin, a reception was given for the club women, where the town people and their guests met and spent together a delightful evening.

Wednesday morning the Convention was called to

order by the President, Mrs. Martha Orr Patterson. The report of the Committee on Credentials showed forty-six clubs represented, with a voting strength, including officers and delegates, of eighty.

The address of welcome on behalf of the town of Newberry was made by Dr. Geo. B. Cromer in a happy vein. Among other things he declared that the fine new hall and building belonging to Newberry College and used now for the first time by the Convention received its consecration from the women. Mrs. W. K. Sligh welcomed the guests on behalf of the Newberry club women. The response to the welcoming speeches was made by Mrs. Celina Means, author of a recent excellent school history of South Carolina.

Next came club reports of two minutes each, and the report of Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, Chairman of the Department of Education. Her report showed that the Federation has at its disposal thirteen free scholarships in the colleges and forty-four in the kindergarten training schools of the State. With some exceptions these have been filled during the past session by creditable students. The report was followed by a discussion upon industrial training in our public schools, and the Convention by vote put itself on record as earnestly favoring the introduction of such training in our schools for both races.

The report of Mrs. Mary P. Gridley, Chairman of

the Library Department, was heard next. Her statement showed ninety-one traveling libraries, fifty under the direct control of the clubs themselves, the remainder left to Mrs. Gridley's disposal. She reported a constant demand for the libraries and also that more libraries could be obtained and used, but that the department was hampered by want of cases for the books.

Wednesday's session was brought to a close in the evening by a musical program, the reports from the departments of Music and Forestry and Civics, and an illustrated lecture by Mr. Rontzahn, Field Secretary of the American League for Civic Improvement. Over all the State, as indicated by club reports, no question is receiving more interest or inquiry than the one of civic improvement.

Thursday morning the report of Mrs. J. T. Calvert, Chairman of the Department of Domestic Science, was read and approved. This report was followed by a discussion of the servant problem as it exists in the South, and a resolution was adopted that this problem should receive especial investigation by the department.

Following this came the report of Mrs. M. F. Ansel, Chairman of the Committee on the Establishment of an Industrial Reformatory School. This report was heard with especial interest, as it dealt with a question lying upon the hearts of the women of South Carolina. The report showed the present reformatory inadequate to the need of the entire separation of juvenile criminals and their careful training. It recommended the appointment of a committee of twenty women representing all parts of the State, with Mrs. Martha Orr Patterson as Chairman, to bring the need of an improved reformatory before the people and the legislature. The report was enthusiastically adopted.

The report of Mrs. A. G. Brice, Chairman of the Art Department, showed good work. She showed an increase in the number and value of the traveling Art cases, free transportation for the cases over five railroads, gifts of Perry pictures and art magazines, and the loan of a collection of beautiful water colors. The purpose of the department in sending out the cases is to furnish practical and economical methods of encouraging art, taste, and knowledge among club women and in the homes of our people.

No report was made from the Kindergarten Department, Miss McFeat, the Chairman, being ill. This was a disappointment, for the club reports showed excellent work and much interest in this department.

Reports for city unions of clubs were heard from Charleston, Greenville, Orangeburg, and Rock Hill. Charleston reported an average membership of three hundred and fifty with two meetings a year. The union in Orangeburg is just formed. In Rock Hill

the city union works to beautify the school grounds.

A department of Reciprocity, with Miss Mary B. Poppenheim as Chairman, was added to those already in existence.

The report of the Committee on Constitution was made and the long-vexed question of whether one woman, under any circumstances, shall have more than one vote, settled in the negative.

The resolutions adopted by the Biennial Convention at St. Louis were read and received as information.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the excellent work done by Mrs. T. Fraser James, Chairman of the Committee on Arts and Crafts. Much beautiful handiwork, including exquisite embroideries, woven fabrics, wood work, basket work, chair bottoming, and work in silver was on exhibition throughout the Convention and aroused much interest.

Thursday evening a large and brilliant reception was enjoyed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Seabrook.

Friday morning, at the final session, the voting for officers, which had been begun the afternoon previous, was concluded. For 1904-'05 the officers of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs are Mrs. W. K. Sligh, Newberry, President; Mrs. J. F. McKissick, Greenwood, First Vice-President; Mrs. L. T. Nichols, Chester, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Julius M. Visanska, Charleston, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Andrew C. Moore, Columbia, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Martin, Chester, Treasurer; Mrs. T. Fraser James, Darlington, Auditor.

MRS. ANDREW C. MOORE,
Rec. Sec'y S. C. Fed. of Women's Clubs.

Kennedy Library Association

Mrs. Lewis Jones Blake, President

THE Kennedy Library Association of Spartanburg is the oldest woman's club in South Carolina. It was organized in 1884 for the purpose of starting a free library, and the success and growth of the Kennedy Library are largely due to the women of this club, who have put into the work heart and brain. The Association has fortnightly literary meetings and there has been a sincere effort from year to year to raise the standard of literary work. The club is now studying Shakespeare, and the deep interest and close study the members are giving to the program mark a year of real success. The membership is not limited. Any woman in the town or county who wishes to take advantage of the course of study and lectures and who feels in her heart a love for the work of fostering the Kennedy Library, is welcomed into the club.

The officers are: President, Mrs. Lewis Jones Blake; First Vice-President, Mrs. John Wells Simpson; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. T. Harris; Third Vice-President, Mrs. H. M. Grimbail; Treasurer, Mrs. William Fowler; Secretary, Mrs. J. Walter Allen.

The President, Mrs. Blake, takes an active interest in the State Federation and has been in office since its



MRS. L. J. BLAKE

organization, in 1898, first as Chairman of Traveling Libraries, then as Corresponding Secretary, and at present as First Vice-President. Mrs. Blake has also had the honor of being State Correspondent to the General Federation.

Report of Annual Meeting of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs

THE Kentucky State Federation of Women's Clubs held its annual meeting in Franklin, on the 14th, 15th and 16th of June, the guest of the Current Topic Club of that place.

The pretty little town was garbed in its freshest spring robe of foliage and flowers, and its citizens were all smiles and hospitality. The delegates, many of whom were recently from the Biennial at St. Louis, were enthusiastic over what was accomplished and projected, and have returned to their clubs more determined than ever that Kentucky shall do her full share of the educational work that is mapped out by the General Federation, as well as the majority of the State Federations.

The reports from the various standing and special committees were most encouraging. Of Traveling Libraries there are seventy-five constantly circulat-

ing, with six in readiness to be sent out when needed, the expense of this work being entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions from individual club women.

The Education Committee reported having received a free scholarship in the Alumnæ School of Domestic Science at Louisville, which was bestowed upon a young girl from the mountains. It also reported efforts made to establish a Dean of Women and a Chair of Domestic Science in the State College with the hope that a few months will see their efforts crowned with success.

The Chairman of the Forestry Committee reported partial success in having a State Forestry law passed. The committee feels assured that the bill will be passed by the next Legislature.

The report from the Civic Improvement Committee gave a half hour of most instructive and encouraging comment. The various associations throughout the State being very actively engaged in this most necessary work, the consensus of their reports gave ample opportunity for questions and suggestions.

The Economic Committee gave account of interesting progress in the appreciation of the Child Labor laws which have been recently passed. All the efforts of this committee for the past year have been devoted to the agitation against child labor and the enforcement of the laws against it.

Civil Service Reform reported only an active effort in spreading information in regard to it. This work seems to be largely educational as yet and progress has been made where interest has been aroused.

The election resulted in the re-election of the old officers with the exception of three: the First and Second Vice-Presidents and the Auditor.

The evening sessions were very interesting, the first being devoted to reports from the Biennial delegates; the second being a round table symposium on the "Benefits of Federation," the different phases of Federation being most eloquently, poetically, practically and wittily presented by four speakers, and their leader, a fifth speaker, the President of the Federation, merely adding some statistics. The third and last evening was the fitting crown to this most satisfactory meeting, being devoted to "An Educational Ideal for Kentucky," an address delivered by Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones, the speaker who fired the hearts of her hearers at the Biennial by her eloquent effort on behalf of domestic education for women.

Delightful music and recitations were furnished by the townspeople, and it was with sincere regret that the delegates bade farewell to the attractive place that had flattered them by a large and constant attendance upon their meetings, and to the club whose gracious and graceful President had been lavish in her hospitality to the strangers within her gates.

MRS. WM. S. PERKINS, President.

The Springfield Ladies' Saturday Club of Springfield, Missouri

THE beginning of things is always interesting—of institutions, movements, clubs—and it is only by knowledge of such beginnings that proper appreciation of present attainment, effort and influence can be gained. It is so with the Springfield Ladies' Saturday Club. Its charter members, now scattered far and wide, alone can tell the story of its early days. This story comes to us by one of the favored few, loyal in spirit, Mrs. Julia Eversole, who writes from her home in Tallahoma, Tennessee:

"In giving the record of the S. L. S. C. for the first seventeen years, it might justly be called 'The Life

town, then, the exchequer running low and first interest waning with financial drain, the fluctuating fortunes were strengthened by migratory life. Mrs. Milner's home became and remained for years the home of the club. She superintended the making and printing of its programs, furnishing from her library material and references for papers, even during her European trip managing its precarious existence, keeping it alive by her persistent interest.

"Upon her return a number of young girls were added, the inducement being dramatic readings. Three plays were publicly given with good financial results. These, with a course of lectures, and some wonderfully good dinners, appealed strongly to the dear public, putting a snug sum into the Building & Loan Association. In the panic of '93 some of this was lost, but enough remained to put, by arrangement with Drury College, the interest of \$500 yearly into books for study, and an after donation to the College Library. In exchange for this yearly donation of books, a place for meeting has, up to the present time, been supplied by the College. Another sum was put at interest against the time when a permanent home shall be deemed possible.

"The work has always been literary, strongly flavored with philanthropy. Many and widely-differing lines have been covered, and the club has gone steadily forward in its prosperity.

"In giving these items one can touch very few of many points full of interest to a charter member, but were they enumerated, it would be but a résumé of Mrs. Milner's pertinacity in holding to what she had begun, through evil as through good report, under circumstances that would have discouraged any other woman I have ever known.

"The Musical Director, who, all these twenty-five years, has added interest by securing musical numbers for its meetings—a task, which if there were no other for which to honor her, makes the name of Mrs. Marie Burden worthy to be coupled with that of Mrs. Milner as heading the list of *indefatigable women*."

Of the aims and efforts of the Saturday Club no one can speak with better authority than Mrs. Elba H. Bouslog, whose resourceful brain has devised ways and means to meet the exigencies of occasions, and solved many a difficult problem.

Though not a charter member, she is a member of long standing, and her late removal to Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, was a loss the Club was very unwilling to sustain. She contributes to this history the following:

"The early history of most pioneer clubs is a stirring one; where some indomitable souls, with a divine discontent, have battled for the thought that was in them.

"The fruitful years of the Saturday Club have been



MRS. HARRIET C. MILNER

Work of Harriet C. Milner,' but for her there would now have been no club in Springfield twenty-five years old. With the exception of one year abroad and part of another in an Eastern Sanitarium (from overwork and exposure doing pioneer club work). Mrs. Milner was President eighteen years.

"The idea of the organization was hers. A Drury College Club, 'The Olio,' after a brief existence had passed away from 'overfeeding.' Upon the ruins of this, Mrs. Milner—then Miss Comings, and Lady Principal of Drury—thought to found a woman's club, whose feasts might be those of literature and reason. She laid foundations by many personal talks, finally calling the meeting to which some thirty representative women, from nearly as many states, responded one bitter February day in 1879. I doubt if many of them had ever attended a club meeting before. An organization was effected, later adopting a constitution and electing Mrs. Milner president. For a time meetings were held in an upper room down-

checkered with many a light and shadow; but as resolve is ever higher and stronger than barriers of time or place, the Club has grown with the years, wiser and more united, as well as numerically.

"Though distinctly a literary club, it has been deeply interested in its environment. From a study of classic thought and endeavor, it has turned to its own fireside there to put to use every gleaned treasure. City cleanliness, sanitary and educational conditions of city schools, regulation of same by urging the appointment of an intelligent woman on local Boards of Education; encouragement and money given to other organizations; independent libraries donated for the use of less fortunately situated clubs; library connection with Drury College for mutual benefit, lectures, musicales, and entertainments—all these interests have absorbed much thought and energy, and speak volumes for the adaptability of mind and endeavor which prevails in its membership.

"Club success depends on one of three things—or all of them: catholicity of spirit, unity in monied interests, and something to eat once in a while—otherwise translated—a social good time. We religiously keep three festivals during the club year, and enjoy with friends and other clubs the increments of successful endeavor, and perhaps indulge in a little vain-glory; but age should have its privileges.

"Though old and full of years we have not yet passed the enthusiastic milestone of our journey; and are strongly in favor of many things: while no politicians—politics and religion being tabooed subjects—we have adopted that law of trade which buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest, but with sometimes a soul above the bargain counter! We have found to our regret that a remnant of the feudal laws still obtains in the Missouri statutes, as shown in the dower provision for its women.

"We have given voice and strength to a plea for the adoption of a State Compulsory Education Bill. We also believe in that trinity of education where hand, heart and brain unite to build character, and urge the general introduction of manual training into our schools. And this brief summary all goes to show that when the history of the Saturday Club shall be written, and the book of the Present closed, there will be a settling of crowns on many an uncrowned head. 'In deeds not years we live.'"

The advent of Mrs. Etta C. Fuller, wife of President Fuller of Drury College, among us, was hailed with delight, not only for her intellectual culture, which has been an inspiration to the club, but for her lovely qualities of heart as well.

From a response to a toast to "The Last Decade of The Saturday Club," given by her at our last anniversary banquet, the following facts are gathered:

The names of those who have been elected to the

presidency since Mrs. Milner served, are: Mrs. Emma H. Hensley; Mrs. Elba H. Bouslog; Mrs. Harriet E. Shepard; Mrs. Rosa Ward Atwood, and Mrs. Kate Wygal. In the past ten years federation with both General and State Federations has been effected. We have been represented by attendance at nearly every meeting of both, and have furnished one Vice-President, three or more directors, and chairmen of important committees. Different members have traveled off to various educational meetings to speak for the establishment of right relations between women's clubs and schools, and a committee from Saturday Club appointed to present a petition to the City Council for a law prohibiting that vile practice that disfigures our sidewalks had the satisfaction of seeing such a law placed upon the statute books, if not put into effectual operation.

One year we gave \$75 for the furnishing of the Reading Hall of the new Y. M. C. A. building, and the same year sent out two traveling libraries. We were the second club to contribute to the art fund.

All this indicates that we are a progressive club, and in good financial standing. We number at present fifty members. There are eight committees, with a chairwoman for each committee who presides over her respective meetings. We meet regularly every alternate Saturday.

The Saturday Club has the distinction of being the oldest club in Missouri.

ROSA WARD ATWOOD.

Annual Meeting of the Western New York Federation

ITHACA afforded unusual advantages to the Western New York Federation, which held its annual meeting there in June. What was in itself a fine program was greatly enriched by the opportunities offered by a college town. There was but one verdict when the meeting was closed, and that was that there had been a splendid program; that Ithaca was a beautiful place; that the Woman's Club of Ithaca was a royal hostess; and that the occasion would remain a red letter day in the lives of the visitors.

Every available moment, when the formal meetings were not in session, was crowded with entertainments in the way of receptions, drives and trips to interesting places.

The Executive Council was entertained at luncheon at the home of the President, Miss Van Rensselaer, and at dinner at the home of Mrs. Rites; a reception was given the Federation at the home of Mrs. Bates, President of the Ithaca Woman's Club.

A musicale presented by the Woman's Club to the Federation in the Lyceum was a brilliant affair. The large theater was filled with invited guests, and an

artistic musical program was rendered by Mrs. Alfred Emerson, pianist, and Mrs. Cora Genung Chamot, soloist.

The Federation was the guest of the university on one afternoon of the session. The women were addressed in the beautiful Sage Chapel by President



MISS MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Schurman, and then conducted by a university committee to the different buildings on the Campus. The Campus Club, composed of the faculty women, entertained the visitors at a reception, Mrs. Schurman and others receiving.

Unusual musical advantages were offered, as Ithaca has a conservatory of music with a faculty of artists who contributed much to the program of the Federation.

Miss Middaugh, instructor of music in Alfred University, sang several solos which were greatly enjoyed by her audiences.

The reports of the officers of the various departments showed the Federation to be working along practical and beneficial lines.

Mrs. W. H. Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, gave some very interesting reminiscences from the life of her mother. Mrs. Blatch has a charming personality, and interested all in her subject.

Miss Bascom, of the State Library, Albany, gave some practical aid to the club women regarding traveling libraries and the use of books of reference.

Mrs. Emily Bishop, of New York City, gave an evening lecture upon "Self Expression in Voice and Manner." This lecture delighted her hearers, for they realized that she knew her subject thoroughly, and knew the remedy for defects, which were admirably portrayed.

The subject of the Trades School and of THE CLUB WOMAN were ably presented by Miss Mary G. Hay, of New York City. Questions were asked Miss Hay which showed an interest on the part of the Western Federation in these subjects.

Some excellent papers were read by members of the Federation: one by Mrs. Jesse Peterson, of Lockport, former President of the Federation, upon "Club Work as a Factor in a Woman's Education;" one by Mrs. Baukhage, of Buffalo, on "The Proper Apportionment of Time of Young People in School and Out;" another by Miss Mary E. Watkins, of Buffalo, "Moral Training in the Kindergarten." These topics were followed by discussions from the floor, which added much interest to the sessions. The Western Federation has developed much talent, not only in the preparation of papers and addresses, but in debate and extemporary speaking.

Mrs. H. McClellan Wade gave a finished and interesting address upon "Virgil."

The officers of the Federation are: President, Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Ithaca, New York; First Vice-President, Mrs. Frank J. Shuler, Fort Erie, Ontario; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Nelson T. Saunders, Forestville, New York; Third Vice-President, Mrs. G. W. Seymour, Westfield, New York; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. D. Lake, Gowanda, New York; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Cyrus A. Allen, 254 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, New York; Treasurer, Mrs. F. N. Randall, Ripley, New York; Auditor, Mrs. Willis H. Tennant, Mayville, New York.

At the close of the Federation the women rode overland ten miles to the George Junior Republic, where they were met by Mr. George, who explained the workings of the Republic, and where they attended a session of court, as usually carried on at the Republic, where the laws of citizenship prevail among the children.

The following extracts were culled from the address given by Mrs. Georgianna Field Potter, First Vice-President of the National Society of New England Women, Colony 2:

"The Society was formed nine years ago in New York City, and for a time the parent tree struggled on, grew and flourished without branches. In 1901 the first branch was put forth in Buffalo—followed by others at Montclair and Morristown, New Jersey. . . .

"The purpose of the organization is not only to promote intellectual and social intercourse among its members, but to advise and assist women who were born and brought up in New England, or who came from New England stock.

"While the United States differs from any other nation, so New England in turn differs from any other part of the country.

"The strong religious sentiment planted by our forefathers and nourished by their self-sacrifice is still a part of their individuality even when latent.

"The self-dependence, strong intellectual vigor, and sturdy

common sense of New England people have been the strongest factors in the growth of this country.

"These characteristics are too precious an heritage to be lost or dispersed by inter-marriage and association with other people whose native forces are less strongly marked. Therefore, it behooves us to whom Providence has given this birth-right to cherish it and to see to it that it does not suffer decadence. This is the work which we are striving to faithfully accomplish. . . .

"Our hope for the future is that each year we may write upon our calendar that the year past has been the best of all the years in the history of the National Society of New England Women.

"As time goes on, as the young Century climbs the hill toward its meridian—we hope to grow broader in our friendship; more ready to lend a helping hand toward humanity, and though we cannot be here to see another Century, but must be content with a small part of that which has now begun to pass—we trust that when another hundred years are gone, there may be a company here in our stead, nobler in numbers and endeavor to attend the spring Federation meeting as heartily, as happily and as thankfully as we do to-day."

The officers for 1904-'05 of the National Society of New England Women, Colony 2, Buffalo, N. Y., are: President, Miss Katharine G. Randall, Williamsville, N. Y.; First Vice-President, Mrs. D. Frederic Potter, 485 Auburn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Grosvenor R. Trowbridge, 1349 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Secretary, Mrs. Clara A. Chamberlain, 276 Summer Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Willis Waterman, 66 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.; Treasurer, Mrs. Linda K. Essex, 66 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Ella Bickford Gardner, 238 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Quadrige Club, of Baltimore

IN her talk of current literature before the Quadrige Club, of Baltimore, last month, Mrs. Frederick Tyson, of Maryland, who has recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe, incorporated some very interesting little incidents connected with her travels. In this connection she described especially several glimpses she had of the royal women of the Continent. Mrs. Tyson was particularly impressed with the love and admiration shown by the people for the little "Dutch Queen," as she called Queen Wilhelmina.

"One memorable morning," she began, "while, with another woman, I was haggling over the price of a little piece of Delft in a shop in The Hague, suddenly there was a stir in the street. Looking across the dyke, we saw a carriage approaching, and in it sat the Queen Regent and a little girl, dressed in light blue, with her hair braided and hanging down her back. Off went every hat, while the stolid burghers bowed and smiled; the women curtsied, and the greatest excitement prevailed. I do not believe any monarch in Europe to-day receives anything like the homage and adora-

tion that the little Dutch Queen Wilhelmina arouses in her subjects every time she appears in public. The carriage halted a short distance from where I stood, and the Queen Regent and her little daughter stepped out upon the pavement. As Wilhelmina mounted the steps of the house before which the carriage had stopped, the scene of which she was the centre reminded me very much of Titian's 'Presentation of the Virgin.' In the background was the beautiful dyke, with the June sun flecking its smooth, clear surface, and, in the foreground, the child, with her upturned face full of hope and joy. Hers was the very brightest child's face I have ever seen. I never think of the little Queen of Holland or look at a picture of her that the vision on the dyke—for it was a vision—does not come before me. She has changed much in the last few years, they say.

"The Three Sisters of Denmark" was the subject of another interesting story which Mrs. Tyson told. "This story," said she, "sounds very much like a fairy tale, but it is generally believed. These sisters, who are now the Dowager Czarina, the Duchess of Cumberland and the Queen of England, were very poor when they were young; so poor, in fact, that if they had two dresses a year they thought they were doing well. But in spite of their poverty, their mother was careful that they should be educated in all those things befitting a lady and a princess to know. And so once upon a time, as the fairy stories run, the three princesses, whose custom it was to take a long walk each day in the brisk, invigorating Danish air, took their constitutional through a woods near their home, and just as they entered it they came upon a gipsy, who told them their fortunes. To the first she said that she should one day become a great queen, and that her kingdom should be one of the largest in the world. This Princess is now the Dowager Czarina. A similar prophecy was made of the fate of her who afterward became Princess of Wales. But of the third sister the gipsy said that she, too, should become a queen, but a queen without a kingdom. She is now the Princess of Cumberland, who might have become a queen had not her husband given up all pretensions to the throne of Hanover."

Speaking of the books of the present day, Mrs. Tyson asked whether any of her hearers were writing books, but as no one said she was, Mrs. Tyson urged all those present to learn to write stories. "Write up any scene, any event you want, and there you are! I once met a young writer who used to go about provided with a little red notebook. Whenever I or anyone in her presence said anything worth recording, down it would go in the red notebook. Then in a little while a story appeared with all these incidents which she had experienced cleverly worked up in an artistic setting. I wish all of you would provide yourselves with notebooks and begin collecting material for future effusions.

"There are fashions in literature as in everything else," continued Mrs. Tyson. "The particular charm of the books of to-day, especially of the novels, lies in the conversation. 'My Friend Prospero,' by Henry Harland, owes much of its attractiveness to the way in which the story is told, and to its sparkling dialogue. There is very little plot to it. It has no villain, no surviving dictating guardians, no quarrelsome lovers or stern, unrelenting parents—everything is as calm as a summer sea. And yet with all its seeming simplicity—in reality the highest art—the book interests the reader until the very last word is said, and, when he has read that, he feels like beginning all over again. The novel of to-day merely introduces the characters and lets them speak for themselves."

F. EUGENIA WOOLFORD,

Woman's Club, Cairo, Illinois

President, Mrs. Andrew Lohr

THE Woman's Club and Library Association, or, as it has been known for some years, the Cairo Woman's Club, was organized in March, 1875. It is one of the oldest clubs in the State of Illinois.

One of the objects of its organization was the foundation of a public library. This library was opened on the second anniversary of the club's ex-

Through her wise foresight the Woman's Club was given in this building a beautiful assembly hall and club room. From time to time the club has added many works of art to its finely furnished rooms and thus has, through the kindness of one of its members, a beautiful and artistic home.

The present membership is about one hundred, with an additional list of fifty honorary members.

For some years the work of the club has been divided into the following departments: literature, art, education, philanthropy, home and music, each having a chairman and secretary. The year-book, published in July, outlines the work to be studied during the following winter, and the programs prepared by the heads of the departments are along their special lines.

Since the public library has outgrown the need of material existence from the organization as a club, the work that has been literary is led by the literature department. The art department was instrumental in introducing artistic photographs into the schools, purchased many collections of pictures as gifts for the school buildings of the city. They also



MRS. ISABELLA LANNING CANDEE

istence and at that time the Cairo Woman's Club became a chartered organization, a recognized public institution of much honor to the city.

The history of the Woman's Club for some years is the story of the growth of the public library. In 1881 the library was presented to the city and it has, since then, received the generous support of the municipality.

In 1883, Mrs. Anna E. Safford, a charter member of the club, and now the President *emeritus*, gave to the City of Cairo the beautiful A. B. Safford Memorial Library, in memory of her husband, Alfred B. Safford. Mr. Safford had been one of the first and most liberal patrons of the club and one most genuinely interested in its welfare.



MRS. ANDREW LOHR

bring for exhibition in their hall art exhibits and collections.

The educational department has coöperated with the superintendent and teachers of the public schools in joint meetings along educational lines. The philanthropy department has for many years been a fac-

tor in the charitable work in the city, and their efforts



MRS. JOSEPH W. WENGER

have been of a practical and helpful nature—personal investigation and aid in worthy cases of need.

The home department has the supervision of the club rooms, has brought cooking teachers and lecturers to the club and is aiding in the introduction of domestic science into the schools. The music department furnishes delightful programs for the meetings and has pursued courses of musical study.

The club directly aided in establishing manual training in the High School. It has for many years united with the Young Men's Christian Association and High School Library Association in giving a fine lecture course each year.

The Cairo Woman's Club was charter member of the State Federation as well as a member of the General Federation.

The able and gifted first President of the Illinois State Federation, Mrs. Isabella Laning Candee, was one of the founders and a charter member of the Cairo Woman's Club.

In October, 1903, the Illinois State Federation held its annual meeting in Cairo. Through the efficient work of Mrs. J. W. Wenger, who was then President, the Cairo Woman's Club was able successfully to entertain the State organization.

Now, in the most prosperous and vigorous period of its existence, the affairs of the club are in the hands of officers of broad mind and ability, with its members devoted to the aims and purposes originally expressed.



LIBRARY BUILDING

After the storm comes the rainbow, the sapling that bends
soon uprises;

After despairing, our life is oft full of the sweetest surprises.

—Frank M. Imbrie.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker

An Appreciation

"It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God."

NOWHERE in the wide world are there so joyous and contented a body of club women as are living in Colorado just now. For, have they not gained their long-delayed, heart's most earnest desire, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, chief executive of the General Federation of Women's clubs?

Although it is needless, we who so thoroughly know Mrs. Decker, want to tell you that you have received a rare gift in your new president; one that will enhance in value the better you become acquainted.

She is a natural organizer and leader, eminent in manifold lines in her own State. True as the stars above, wise, conservative, yet with just that mingling of spontaneity with sureness of impulse which wins and holds one fast in an unswerving love and devotion to her and to any cause she espouses.

Proud—well, that word will have to answer, although it does not begin to express our feelings in regard to our very own "first lady in clubdom." Just think of the times she has so unyieldingly clung to the course she believed to be the best one! Regretting that we grieved, but unmoved by the incessant entreaties, even tears of her loyal constituency that strove to put her in nomination for the office she will so eminently adorn, behold our mourning days are passed!

Yes, it was at the precious St. Louis biennial that the Colorado columbine was recognized as a winner. The historic old city will ever be dear to every Colorado State club woman, particularly to those who participated in the convention when the psychological moment arrived and Mrs. Decker was willing to be installed in the presidential chair.

Adding, too, to the sum of our perfect felicity is the fact that all the episodes in connection with Mrs. Decker's candidacy and election led to it so very logically and with such unanimity. After all, say

we, Mrs. Decker knew best. We were grieved to the quick over and again, in the former conventions, that she would not let us have our will. Now we see that being Mrs. Decker she could not have acted in any other way, and we are so glad she did not yield to us.

You should know Mrs. Decker as we know her; and you will, for she is your president, heart and soul, not only now, but always. She never forgets the women whose lives touch hers. Her memory of faces and names is remarkable and her splendid magnetism and charm of personality never lessen, even though the days lengthen into years of separation.

So, club comrades, believe me, Mrs. Decker's administration cannot fail to be a record-making one. She will be satisfied with nothing less than having gathered to her great motherly heart every woman, near or far, to whom she and her co-workers can be a stimulus and a blessing.

For the accomplishment of this beneficent act Mrs. Decker will wish for the loyal service of every one of us. Oh, how eagerly will we follow our "Queen of clubs!"

In the light of what has occurred since, I'm much impressed by the recollection of a bright informal talk given not very long ago by Mrs. Decker. Her topic was "Noblesse Oblige." It seems to me that her simple, hearty words were prophetic. She pointed out the obligations of rank so seriously, so concisely, that I have not a doubt that even then she was unconsciously fitting herself for the tremendous duties that are hers for the coming two years.

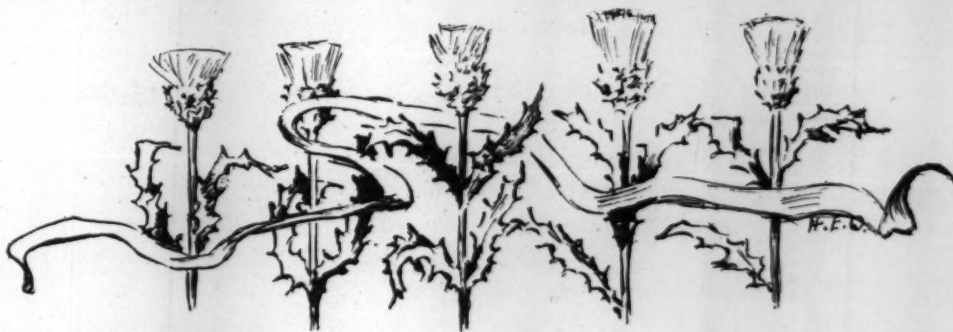
Certainly, she gives evidence of being in "tune with the Infinite," and He will lead on to achievement undreamed of, even by her most ardent admirers.

"Fear not; build thine eyrie in the heights, bright with celestial day,

And trust thyself unto thine immortal in simple faith alway,
And God shall make divinely real the highest form of thine ideal."

ELLA CELESTE ADAMS,

Chairman Press Com., Colo. Fed. Women's Clubs.





Loiterings in Clubland

"A shady friend for torrid days
Is easier to find
Than one of higher temperature
For frigid hour of mind."
—Dickinson.

SHORTLY before the Loiterer left town she was a guest of the most social of social clubs. It was their last meeting for the season and a very grand affair. The chief event of the evening was the presentation of a diamond badge to the President. The peace and good-will which seemed to reign supreme filled the Loiterer's mind with delight. Here at last was a united club free from factions. Her musings were rudely dispelled by a voice directly behind her, "Did I give anything? Of course. How much? Why, a dollar! We are spoiling her! We might as well make her perpetual President and be done with it, for no one is allowed to run against her. I believe in rotation in office. I have had three courses in Parliamentary Law and can preside better than she can. Her good looks carry? Well, I don't know—I know others who are better looking." The Loiterer's manners here conquered her curiosity and she moved her seat with all her illusions fled.

Seated in a roomy rocker on the shady piazza of a hotel, the Loiterer wiled away a July afternoon reminiscing with a chance acquaintance who was also a club woman. "Talking of diamond badges," said the club woman, "makes me think of the time that I was President of 'The Society for Ethical Reform.' Mrs. X., the retiring President, was much admired and a number of the members had united to buy her a diamond badge which was to be presented to her at the next meeting. Of course it was to be a complete surprise. When I arrived at the club the lady in charge of the matter showed me the pin. I remarked on its being handsomer than I had anticipated. 'Oh, well!' she said, 'Mrs. X. wrote me she wanted it to be as handsome as the one Sorosis gave, and that if I did not have enough subscribed she would make it up, and she did.' The meeting began and the business was being transacted when a note reached me. I opened it and found it was from Mrs. X. She wrote to say that in fifteen minutes she must leave, and she wished I would postpone the business and present her with the pin. I did so. When she received it her surprise was so great that her emotions overcame her and she wept. Well, she was always a good actress." "That," said the Loiterer, "is as good as the story of the doctor who taught in a medical school, and every year received a silver loving cup from his grateful pupils. When the term drew near to a close he

would select the pupil he considered best fitted for the task and intimate to him it was time to collect money for that loving cup, and he (the doctor) would give so much. It was a common saying among the students that it cost so much to join his class and so much more for old Z's loving cup."

"How many clubs do you belong to?" said the club woman. "One," replied the Loiterer apologetically. "What is its purpose?" "I don't know; I have only been a member a few months." "Its name, you say, is the 'Violet Club,'" continued the club woman, "and you don't know its purpose? What do you do at your meetings?" The Loiterer was spared the necessity of replying to this question by the arrival of a young married woman who was also a member of the "Violet Club," and who eagerly answered the club woman's queries. "What do we do? Why, we always wear our new gowns; we meet at Sherry's and there is an excellent luncheon served which is all included in our dues." The club woman frowned ominously. "My dear," she remarked in an acid tone, "I am not interested in gowns and luncheons; what is the nature of your program?" The young married woman, anxious to sustain the reputation of her club, failed to grasp the intended snub and continued, "Oh! but really, everyone knows we have a very brilliant club. Our Auditor is a woman of the highest social position, and she never wears a gown costing less than three hundred dollars." The club woman glared. "As I remarked, I consider that clothes and social position have nothing whatever to do with the real development of the true club woman, and when you speak of social position I know there are many ladies in your club who would not recognize a social position if they met one in the street."

"Talking of club papers," said the club woman, "I heard a very able one last winter, on the 'Psychological Moment.'" "What, in the opinion of the speaker, was that moment?" asked the Loiterer. The club woman hesitated. "There was some confusion on that point owing to the fact that she had left part of her paper at home and could not recall its contents; the only clear issue she made was that our lives hinged on that moment. That in itself was a grand idea." "One would rather like to know how to recognize it when it arrived," suggested the Loiterer. "Much better not, my dear; something should be left to the

imagination." "Suppose you haven't any," timidly volunteered the young married woman. The club woman looked at her severely. "The psychological moment," she said, "is largely a matter of the imagination."

"The President of the Society for the Study of Household Economy addressed our club last fall," continued the club woman. "We became so interested in the food question that we formed a club to investigate the foods of various nations. We call it the 'Festival Club,' and the only requisite for membership is a good digestion. No matter how inconvenient it may be, we always follow the customs of the country whose food is under consideration. The day we lunched in China Town two of our members ruined their gowns because of their inability to manipulate the chopsticks." "Did you sit on the floor when you visited the Turkish restaurant?" asked the Loiterer. "No," explained the other, "the only Turkish restaurant we heard of was not respectable."

"Shakespeare's plays are a good study for a club," interposed the young married woman. "I belong to one which is most interesting. We read papers and then discuss. No, they are not all upon Shakespeare. Some of our members had never heard of him before they joined the club, and in that case we let them write on some other subject. In fact, last winter we only had three papers on Shakespeare. Several of our members were absent from town and their mothers attended in their place. These ladies did not approve of the drama, so then we read papers on other subjects, but it was all educational."

"Your views on the club question are certainly

crude," interrupted the club woman. There is nothing so good for the proper understanding of the club movement as the attending of Conventions. At the last State Convention I was so interested in the methods pursued by the club who entertained us. They divided the honors in such a neat way."

"How was that?"

"Why, the real President did not hold any office. It seemed to work well; she had all the power, but the others held the positions."

"When I was in South Carolina I attended a meeting of one of the clubs and was most interested in their methods of transacting business. The only motions passed were those which had been discussed at the last meeting. When a new motion was made it was always held over a meeting so the women could ask their husbands how they ought to vote."

"I believe in the supremacy of the husband. When mine disagrees with me I always give him time and he arrives. Men cannot be hurried. Their minds move more slowly than ours, but they are receptive and are beginning to appreciate the impetus the club movement is giving to domestic life. Before the wife belonged to a club she had no interest in life; now she has so many that she often includes her husband in one."

The Loiterer at this point excused herself, pleading her desire to take a nap. "I never waste time on naps," said the club woman, "but I must go upstairs and work on the paper I am preparing for 'The Society for Ethical Reform.' It is on 'The Importance of Impersonal Conversation.'"

THE LOITERER.



The Song of the Sea Shell

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

What is your song of the ships and the deep blue sea?
Here to my ear I hold you,
Sea-shell, tell it to me!

I have a lover somewhere out on that wide, dark sea;
How does he fare? pray, tell me;
Sea-shell, tell it to me!

Now do you roar of danger and wild, white storm,
And I'll hear not your song of the sea;
Thunder and lashing, and foaming and dread alarm,
Sea-shell, tell not to me!

Sing me a song, sea-shell, of the calm daybreak,
Safety above and below on the sea;
While the albatross follows the ship in its wake,
Sea-shell, sing it to me!

Echoes of the Biennial

THE Seventh Biennial is already classed with the things that have been, but the echoes are returning and they bring us many suggestive thoughts. As a kingdom reflects the spirit of its ruler, so the organization reflects the spirit of its President. Thus it was that a spirit of justice, tempered by kindness and courtesy, dominated the meetings of the Biennial. The Convention was not strenuous, true; but it was in every sense a gathering of women seeking the right issues and pledged to pursue them when found. Every question presented was ably thought out, freely discussed and laid aside for future action.

The women, gathered from the North, the South, the East, the West, found, to their surprise, more points of agreement than of difference. There was no struggle for office, one of the most powerful of the delegation setting the example of standing not for power but principle, and each section of the country seemed only anxious to defer to the others.

That club life does not unfit women for social life was amply proved by the fact that never before has the social side been so much a part of the regular program. The delegates were entertained not only by their sister club women but by national representatives. Another proof that the club movement is being considered worthy of national recognition was given by the honor accorded the federation, of opening Festival Hall, that crowning glory of the Exposition.

That woman will use any political power with which she may be invested with dignity, was proved by the quiet and order that governed the election. That she will conscientiously use the ballot when accorded was proved by the way the delegates cheerfully sacrificed attractive social engagements to exercise their right of suffrage. That they can sink personal prejudice in the desire to promote the greatest good to the greatest number the result of the election clearly demonstrated.

Underlying all other echoes is the echo of united action, the certain, if undefined, determination to leave the theoretical attitude and enter into active work. Such, if many read them aright, are the conclusions we may draw from the election of Mrs. Decker and the passing of the many resolutions calling for active, not passive, interest in legislative and municipal affairs.

Woman is always accredited with being the molder of public opinion. Do the echoes suggest that she is reaching the point when she desires not alone to mold, but to assist in hewing out the perfected work? The woman of the West who has already attained to a perfect freedom in which she may work out her individuality, is with her example and

precept influencing the woman of the East. Do the echoes teach us that the Seventh Biennial is the last at which inaction shall be reported? Will we cease pursuing the shadow of the theory and grasp the actuality of the action?

Slowly but surely is the American club woman working out her destiny, and with it is the destiny of the nation. The hand that rocks the cradle, the will that influences the mind of the growing child, the eye that carefully watches the moral and mental development of the children of our land, surely the owner of these agents which are raising up the men and women upon whom rests the fate of our country, will not always be considered the silent partner.

Educated Women in the Twentieth Century

THE speech delivered by Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, at the Biennial has attracted so much attention that we here present a large part of it. Miss Carey's topic was "Educated Women in the Twentieth Century." She said, "The generation immediately preceding our own, our parents' generation, was worn to the bone by arguments on the subject of women's education. Our own generation is too deeply involved to be able to argue it out. The thing itself is upon us to love or to loathe. When a great social revolution takes place in human affairs it seems, as a rule, to be begun and carried forward in a passion of controversy and emotion, which, after the change has been accomplished, slowly subsides, to rise again to fever heat about some other commencing reform. At the beginning in every part of the world individuals are born caring desperately about doing the mooted thing, and whenever they come to the surface, as it were, to fulfill their desires, they find themselves surrounded by other individuals caring desperately to prevent them.

"If you will permit the personal allusion, I was one of these people. I was born with a desire to go to college. As a child, in Baltimore, I had never seen a woman who had been to college. Grandparents, aunts and cousins entered into the controversy with a passion that would to-day be unimaginable. My experience is the experience of hundreds. Since 1870 the triumphal march of women upon the universities has gone forward before our eyes.

"We have all seen, though we may not have fully understood the rapturous emergence of our sex into a world of intellectual and spiritual entities. A leading Englishman, a member of the Mosely educational commission, has said that our system of education, including as it does the mingling of the sexes and the teaching of boys by women is undermining masculine supremacy.

"Those of us who understand American conditions are beginning to realize that our success is due precisely to this fact. In the United States, for the first time in the history of the world, the girls of a great nation, especially of the poorer class, are receiving the same education as the boys.

"It seems to have been decided in the United States by all classes except the wealthiest class, that girls shall have a high school education even if boys must be taken from the grammar school and set to work, and that whenever it is financially possible these same girls shall also have a college education to fit them for self-support. Only thus can we explain the steady increase of women over men in the colleges.

"When you hear it said that co-education is not a success, what is really meant is that its success has been too great, and when, as in the Chicago University, women are beginning to be taught in separate classes, it is in reality an effort to segregate men from the economic competition of women.

"The intelligent and progressive Western parents, whether farmers or artisans, have grasped the principle that college education is the best possible inheritance to give their boys and girls. Whereas, in the East it is the sons of parents of social position and wealth who are, without exception, sent to college, and when girls are sent it is the parents of the intermediate class, rather than the poor or the rich, who are fitting their girls to meet present conditions of industrial and intellectual competition. Unless those of us who live east of the Alleghanies recognize the supreme value of a college education to both men and women before it is too late, the sceptre of intellectual and commercial supremacy will pass from the East to the West. Let us take the marriage of college women. If anything in the world is proved it is that a girl's going to college for four years does not affect her marriage any more than a man's going to college affects his marriage.

"We are living to-day in the midst of a great social revolution. Industrial and sociological changes over which we individually have no control have left married women free to interest themselves in matters outside their homes and have compelled many women, both married and unmarried, to enter into industrial life. The bitter controversy that raged in our youth about women's education is now beating itself against the advanced host of women's industrial independence. Ever increasing numbers of educated women are pressing forward to positions of influence and power; organizations of women, like the clubs represented in this Federation, have come into existence everywhere.

"Women are learning to understand the power of organized effort, and already yield a great and in some respects an alarming influence in public affairs.

It is the college-educated men of the community who are the leaders of thought and makers of public opinion in the United States and abroad. If men who get the wider training of affairs in the daily competition of business life need a college training to raise themselves above their fellows in efficiency, women of all classes, and above all, of the leisure class, need it a thousand times more. Girls of the present generation who will be the women of the twentieth century must meet far heavier responsibilities than the women of our generation, and they must be able to hold their own with ever-increasing numbers of college-bred women.

"For women, as for men, there is no profounder happiness than the harmonious exercise of all our faculties, and no human joy so great as the social and intellectual service of our kind. For the first time in the history of the world the twentieth century will afford women as well as men the opportunities for this profoundest joy. It seems to be the duty of every woman to see to it that the girls of the next generation are able to live not only the life of the affections and the home, but also the wider life of public service of our race."

Harper's Weekly, of June 4, quotes freely from Miss Thomas's address and takes issue with some of her conclusions. It contends that the steady increase of women over men in the colleges is not a permanent condition. It says: "The more that is done in the way of education for the girls of one generation, the more education the boys of the next generation will get. That is human nature, and that is what will save us, if necessary, from woman-domination." It would appear that the above argument was rather poorly worked out and not one that would carry conviction as against the well thought out train presented by Miss Thomas. The *Weekly* goes on to quote various German doctors, Dr. Emil Reich and Professor Munsterberg among them. These gentlemen think our women are learning too much and getting too ambitious, and therein lies a source of grave peril to the American race. This, the *Weekly* admits, is an amusing bugaboo, but it thinks the impression does exist that a college education impairs femininity. The views set forth by Mrs. Flora McDonald Thompson in the May number of the *North American Review* seems to the *Weekly* far more sensible. Mrs. Thompson assumes that with few exceptions all women would and could marry, but for the so-called emancipation movement, which has compelled many of them to compete with men for work outside of the home. Such outside work is incompatible in Mrs. Thompson's opinion, with their careers as wives and mothers. We would like to be informed how much of this competing with men is caused by the emancipation movement, and how much by the necessity of obtaining the

bread and butter which their male relatives are unable or unwilling to provide. The idea that women are not entitled to work along any line of work that their abilities can command seems a poor contention for one of their own sex. Miss Thomas's views please us better.

That college education does not unfit women from running a successful club house is well demonstrated by a visit to the Woman's University Club, on Gramercy Park, New York. The location is attractive and the appointments charming. The drawing-room in yellow, tea-room in mahogany and green, and Flemish dining-room all show the working out of an exquisite color scheme. On the second floor we find the reading-room and a room which is used for committees, and sometimes rented to other clubs. Upstairs the rooms are furnished as bedrooms and rented to permanent or transient residents. The fact that tea is served each afternoon in the tea-room shows that these college women at least have not lost their "femininity." Of this club, Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, is an honored member. Other names on the roll are Caroline Hazard, President of Wellesley; Laura Drake Gill, Dean of Barnard; Mrs. George Haven Putnam, formerly Dean of Barnard; Abby Leach, Professor of Greek at Vassar; Laura Johnson Wylie, Professor of English at Vassar; Acsah M. Ely, Professor of Mathematics at Vassar; Mrs. Arthur T. Hadley, Mrs. Charles M. Pratt, Ruth Putnam, Mrs. Herbert Parsons, Mrs. Arthur Scribner, Mrs. Arthur Livermore, Helen Dawes Brown, Juliet Wilbour Tompkins, Anne O'Hagen, Josephine Dodge Daskam, and many other brilliant women of whom their day and generation are proud. In the list, graduates of Vassar, Smith, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, and Cornell alumnæ predominate, but there are representatives from Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and the Universities of London and Toronto.

The chief reason for the success of this club lies in the fact that it meets a recognized need. It affords a means of expression for that broadly social associative spirit which is the result of college life, and about which so much has been written. Are women as clubbable as men? Is the cup of tea a perfect substitute for the cigar and the cocktail? We think so. Woman's ways will never be man's ways. A college woman and a college man are two different people—different because of the fundamental differences between the sexes. This club meets all the requirements for which it was formed and those who differ with Miss Thomas would find much to confute their arguments in studying the development of this club. Four years of college life give common sympathies and create common meeting grounds. This club is essentially democratic and in that it carries out the

spirit of the woman's college. Brains are the only requisite for college success, and brains therefore are the predominating attraction at the University Woman's Club.

Mrs. McClurg's Hour; Chairman of Irrigation

FOR the first time in General Federation history, irrigation was given a section in the Biennial program. This was the outcome of the joint resolution offered by California and Colorado, at the Los Angeles Biennial, two years ago, endorsing the passage of the National Irrigation Act.

At this Tenth National Irrigation Congress, Mrs. D. T. S. Denison was invited to speak in behalf of the G. F. W. C., but, unable to be present, delegated the representation to Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, who spoke for the Federation. Mrs. Denison's telegram and portrait and Mrs. McClurg's speech and portrait appeared in the official proceedings of the Congress. The following year Mrs. Gilbert McClurg won, over fifty competitors, the prize for the best ode on "Irrigation," which was set to music and sung at the Eleventh National Irrigation Congress, by a choir of 200 voices. To this ode the Honorable George F. Smythe thus alluded in a recent oration: "I like to think, and I do believe, that the mighty dead have looked down upon us from heights beyond mortal vision, and with us have thrilled at the singing of the great Ode to Irrigation." And it was thus described in the Editorial Department of Charles F. Summis' "Out West":

"The most impressive feature of the program was the singing of the Irrigation Ode, written by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg. Some of us have waited long and patiently for this theme to pass out of the realm of prosaic things, and become a subject of poetry and song. We have believed there was something in it that might well kindle the imagination and quicken the pulse of the masses, and that in due time something would be found by those who know how to put it into music. It was a melting experience to hear the beautiful Ode rendered in solo, duet, quartet and by the choir of 200 voices, and especially to hear the closing choral sung by the whole great audience, to the familiar tune of "America." It would not be very extravagant to say that if the Congress had ended with that song at the close of the first forenoon's session, the inspiration gained from it would have been almost sufficient to pay for the effort it cost."

Mrs. Gilbert McClurg was fittingly chosen Chairman of the Irrigation Session. As the motto, "Save the Forests" goes hand in hand with "Store the Floods," it followed Forestry on the eventful Tuesday, which was election-day at the Biennial, in the afternoon program.

It was to be regretted that the little-known subject of Irrigation appealed to certain of the delegates as a dry, rather than a wet theme, and that, long before the voting hour, in their enthusiasm over casting their maiden ballots, somewhat noisy groups thronged the outer corridor, while the lovely soprano solos of the Irrigation Ode were given.

Twelve hundred copies of the Irrigation Ode, printed on pale green paper—the Irrigation color—were distributed to the audience, and Mrs. McClurg gave a preliminary talk upon the history, present status and future possibilities of Irrigation and found therein a solution of many of the social and economic problems now pressing on the Federation.

Mrs. McClurg also described the different great Irrigation projects, which the Government now hold under consideration.

At the close of her presentation of the subject, Mrs. McClurg introduced Mrs. A. J. Epstein, a leading soprano singer of St. Louis, who rendered charmingly the two solos from the Irrigation Ode—The Desert and the Irrigated Region. Mrs. Epstein was accompanied by Mr. Epstein, Director of Music at the St. Louis Exposition. At the end of the solos the audience rose, joining in the final chorus, sung to the tune of "America," and fitly closing the apotheosis of national Irrigation.

By the passage of a Resolution of Ceremony, introduced by Mrs. McClurg, and adopted upon motion of Colorado and seconded by Kansas, the General Federation will have complimentary representation at the great three days' celebration of Irrigation, which is planned for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in October.



A Traveling Library

A Traveling Library

THE laudable purpose of the Woman's Club, of Houston—to set forth in their *Texas Journal* the achievements of the women of Houston along business and industrial and philanthropic lines—calls for a ready response from every woman who, by force of circumstances, has passed out from woman's best and highest sphere—her domestic life—into the untrodden and strange paths of the business world. Answering the earnest request of these good women, I gladly add a link to the chain of worthy endeavor, wrought by the strong, womanly women of Houston. My subject is "The Free Traveling Library of the Southern Pacific Company," having for its object the sending out of newspapers and periodicals to the railroad section men, their families and neighbors, many of whom, living in remote places, are unable personally to subscribe for newspapers.

All philanthropic work of women—of which I have any knowledge—while receiving the practical, intelligent devotion to detail of the women, has its basic strength, receives its material assistance from some man or company of men. So it is with our free library. It was instituted by the management of the Southern Pacific Company, by the men who, while guiding the physical forces of a great railroad system, possess a broad humanity, which finds its expression in such incentive.

After receiving a letter of commendation from Mr E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific

Company, the organization and development of the library were placed in the hands of two women—the writer as manager, and Mrs. Rosine Parks as assistant.

The literary bureau of the company receives daily a large number of papers from all parts of the country. After being scanned and clipped for the files of the bureau there is left a wealth of good reading. These papers, which formerly went into the waste basket, formed the nucleus for our library. A request sent out to a few newspaper offices met with a cheerful response, particularly from Houston's newspaper managers, who, without exception, after providing for the hospitals, as some of them do, send to us daily packages of their exchanges, which greatly assist us in supplying our people. One source of great help to us is the voluntary contributions of magazines by Houston women who have heard of our work. Notable among these ladies are the wives of the railroad officials, who have not only given magazines, but have given words of enthusiastic encouragement to us.

Letters were sent out to the superintendents of the Southern Pacific lines in Texas explaining our enterprise and asking for the numbers of sections, the nearest post office and the names of the section foremen.

Prompt replies from these officials furnished the necessary information. Our next step was to write to each section foreman, asking the number of families in their respective neighborhoods, and if there were any women at the section who would undertake

to distribute the papers. Our desire was to place the distribution in the hands of women wherever possible, so that the majority of our co-workers are the wives, daughters or sisters of those hardy fellows whose lives are spent in looking after and keeping in repair the iron highways, the curves and bridges over which the great traveling public is carried in such security.

After receiving replies from the various sections we have placed upon our books 121 willing and interested distributors, who have reported 841 families who enjoy the benefits of the library. There are still some sections to hear from.

On Tuesday of each week, beginning with one of the four lines of the Southern Pacific in Texas, we send in rotation to each section so that every two weeks each one receives a package of papers.

The talismanic R. R. B. (railroad business) and a little "Free Library" paster upon each, the bundles go on their way, passing safely to their destinations, through the hands of the helpful employes of the company.

By a little careful investigation we are learning where to send most of our German and Swedish papers. Although our library is scarcely more than two months old, we have already received many encouraging letters from the grateful recipients of our bundles. Some of the letters are pathetic. One woman writes that she is the only white woman in the lonely western country; her "wee baby" her only companion during the long hours of the day when her husband is "out on the road."

The families in her neighborhood are negroes and Mexicans, many of whom can read and "sure enjoy" the papers that are sent. To this woman we send some of our choicest magazines—along with papers from the Mexican border, the City of Mexico and Cuba; a good Catholic periodical sent us by a friend from New York; also papers sent us by the editor of an excellent negro paper.

Another woman writes that she has young children and there are others near the section; the school house is too far away, and that the papers were such a help to them. What a field for the *Youth's Companion* and other good papers for the young, which are thrown into the fire by some of our thrifty Houston housewives!

There was a pardonable moisture in our eyes when a gentleman came into our office one day to tell us of the meeting in a lonely stretch of country out West of a solitary man, a sheep herder, who, with a glad smile, told him of walking three miles to a section house where he got newspapers free, which "kept him company" in the lonely watches of the long monotonous days.

At present about 3,000 papers are sent out every week, and our work is only just begun. It is the ambition and hope of the future to have a collection of books placed upon neat shelves in many little red section houses located amid the cattle ranges, the cotton patches, the rice fields, the orchards and the lumber districts of Texas.

ROSINE RYAN.

Manager Free Traveling Libraries.



The Colorado Columbine

Fit emblem of a proud and glorious
state—

The regal beauty of the Colum-
bine.

Gold stamens form its crown of
radiant shine,

Purple and ermine robes full deli-
cate

Attest the dignity of high estate.

Its stainless spurs were won
where mountain pine,

In sturdy battling, bids the winds
resign

The rocky headlands to a gentler
fate,—

Where waves (like maiden-hair
in grace of green)

This lord of cañon side and pine-
clad slope;

Its roots strike deep below the
yellow sand.

Type of gold plains and peaks of
purple sheen—

The boundless stretches of the sun-
set-hope;

The gracious largesse of the
Western land!

—Virginia Donaghé McClurg.

(From "A Colorado Wreath.")

"To Have and to Hold"

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette

"TO have and to hold," an expression made sweet by all the sacredness of the sacrament and the holiness of the ordinance in the tender ceremony of a woman's life, finds its equivalent in the more prosaic expressions, "To win and to keep," "To possess and to retain." They all presuppose two characteristics fundamentally different.

When applied to wealth, "to have" stands for good fortune or deserved success, and "to hold" for unerring judgment and tenacious grasp. When it refers to friendships it denotes congeniality, and then fidelity and sincerity. When it stands for character it outlines the life within, and strength that knows no defeat nor swerves under crucial tests.

To the mass of women, the last decade has given much "to have," but it has been the exceptional woman who has proven her power "to hold." This is not due to weakness of characteristics, but to the untrained lives suddenly confronted with these new opportunities. Ever since the world was, woman has been accused of changing her mind as if it were a crime. The only sin of which she could justly be accused was changing her mind for no better reason than "because." The progressive change of the human mind, which contrary to the common inventory includes woman's mentality, has been the tension on the bow that has shot this world forward with the swiftness of an arrow's flight.

The individual may change his life work; must, if successful, constantly change his methods, but with it all there can be no final accomplishments if he has not applied the "to hold" power to the purpose of life.

Writing as I am from the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the value and loss of the ephemeral and the enduring are borne in upon me. Looking from this and the other coign of vantage upon the wondrous beauty and glory of the World's Fair, my senses thrilled by the splendor of the nightly illuminations of tower and fountain, lagoon and arched bridges, dome and turret, glittering in numberless lights that make new constellations that answer the signals of the starry battalions marching across the blue dome, loitering through the broad corridors and spacious rooms of the State buildings, copies of this and that historic palace of royalty and legislation, there is always this one undertone of pathos running through my thought—in thirty days after the Exposition closes these dream-palaces will be wrecks; in ninety days they will be memories.

But there comes this thought—at Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, as well as St. Louis—the people of this great nation spent many millions in lath

and plaster flimsiness of castle and palace and massive halls, for housing the wonders of art and industry and all forms of human achievement. Would it not be more enduring good, if year by year with a tithe of all this wealth, we enriched the capital of this mighty nation, and the capitals of the States, and the capitals of the counties, with permanent buildings, monuments of good taste and refined art, for use and enduring? Which shall it be—a ninety-day Taj Mahal of lath and staff, or a county high school of granite? A burlesque Solomon's Temple or a real and beautiful public library? Forty acres of play-houses for grown-up people, or more than forty State houses that will excite admiration rather than laughter? The sculptor models in clay, but he lives in marble. Let the women of America ponder the thought: for which shall we lend our influence—lath and plaster, or marble and granite?

With the thought of the continuing and abiding life of our homes and our children and the nation, we must choose that which we cannot only "have," but "hold,"—that which we may not only "win," but "keep,"—that which we may not only "possess," but "retain."

As club women from the watch-tower of the recent Biennial, we realize how much has been given us "to have," but do we comprehend that with each individual lies the responsibility for this great organization of federated women "to hold?" It was a Convention that sowed as well as harvested; it was a centripetal and centrifugal woman-power; while it was the concentrate of experience it was also the dynamic of experiment; it furnished a precipitate of literary, artistic, philanthropic, civic and twentieth century effort that proved right proportions and correct admixtures.

It gave us "to have" from our evening with Prof. Griggs, new literary ideals for life and character; from the Educational Committee more definite aims for which to strive; from Civil Service Committee a dominant, new inspiration, and from the Legislative Committee a special and positive effort and pledge to keep sacred the home and the purity of the nation's life. This and much more was given us "to have." We turned our faces homeward with enthusiasm born of the contact of the multitude, with inspiration of collective purpose. Now as "the shouting and the tumult die," let us not forget the purpose born of the enthusiasm and with all the womanly power and powers of brain and body and soul, "hold fast that which we have, that no man take our crown."

With the Shakespeare Clubs

By Cora Welles Crow

Shakespeare the Playwright

THE origin of the drama is coexistent with the origin of fiction. Both spring from a desire to represent scenes as real, which only exist in the imagination. In the drama these scenes are rendered more realistic by the fact that they are portrayed by human beings; in fiction all is left to the imagination engendered by the written word.

The early dramas were all of a religious character and were written with the desire to impart moral and religious lessons. The "Book of Job" is a good example of plays of this character. Miracle and morality plays held the English stage until 1594. The most noted of the latter are "The Castle of Perseverance" and "Everyman."

From the beginning the English drama has been known as the "Irregular drama," this because of the English disregard for the three unities so dear to the hearts of the Greeks and the modern French dramatists—time, place and action. Shakespeare and his contemporaries set these unities at defiance acknowledging no fixed limits as to any of them.

Although Shakespeare had for his forerunners Beaumont and Fletcher, and as coadjutors Marlowe and Greene, pure comedy had no existence in England until he created it. His name is the greatest in all literature; no man has come near him in creative power. His plots are largely borrowed; the genius which endows them with vitality is all his own.

Owing to the lack of biographical interest which marks the Elizabethan period, the details of Shakespeare's life are scanty. The main facts which marked his career as a playwright are, however, easily ascertained. We know that he arrived in London when about twenty-two years of age and at once connected himself with the Blackfriars Company of Players. At first he played very inferior parts but was soon employed in furbishing up stock plays and from that beginning easily drifted into his career as a manager. At thirty-five we find him proprietor of the "Globe" theatre in the full tide of success. It is interesting to note the fact that some authorities claim that Shakespeare worked for a while as a clerk in Bacon's law office and that some of Bacon's works now in the British Museum are written in Shakespeare's handwriting. This may throw some side light on the famous Bacon controversy and also explain Shakespeare's legal knowledge.

Shakespeare was primarily a manager. He ran a

theatre and adapted such plays to his company as he thought would best suit their capabilities. He wrote not for posterity but for his patrons, and his chief idea was to make his theatre a money making affair and pay the dividends on his stock and his actors' salaries. That he at the same time unconsciously raised himself to, not the front rank, but the front of every dramatist that the world has ever seen, shows the transcendent quality of his genius.

His first play was "Love's Labor Lost"; this he wrote when about twenty-five years old. He afterwards revised it. Other plays followed in quick succession, the last being Henry VIII, written when he was forty-nine.

"Love's Labor Lost," Shakespeare's first original play, while relatively weak in thought and art, shadows forth what was to come. "The plot is so light, the character sketching so slight, that we may almost class it as a lyrical farce." Such is Swinburne's verdict; while Darmester speaks of it as a "fantasie," Dowden as "a dramatic plea on behalf of nature and common sense against all that is unreal and affected." Perhaps this last criticism is the best. The three rules made by the king for the governing of the conduct of his kingdom, to govern at least that of his friends, "To fast, to study and to see no women," were as Biron remarked, "Flat treason against the kingly state of youth." No marvel then that these rules were not obeyed and that they grew to realize that "When Love speaks the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy with the harmony." Here we have a line worthy of our dramatist in his best mood. Shakespeare treated this play as a light comedy, a comedy of dialogue rather than incident; in fact what action it contains is mostly in the dialogue. It is built on very simple lines. There are four men and four women. In Act first we have the introduction, Act second the complication. Act third gives us the failure of the scheme proposed and the last act the triumph of a new and better resolution. The characterization is superficial. We never know these men and women as we know Hamlet, Katherine, and the characters of his greater plays. Ferdinand of Navarre is a playful satire on the "New Learning" introduced at the court of Elizabeth. Don Adriano de Armado is again a satirical reference to the vogue for language affectation. Holofernes is an excellent example of the pedantic schoolmaster.

Biron shares with Rosaline the task of interpreting life and love. All through the play we note the exquisite ease with which Shakespeare makes use of words that exactly fit each character. The winding up is poor to the modern idea; but when we consider that the audience had not yet been educated up to the point of waiting to the end, we see how little importance was attached to the closing scenes of the plays of that period. As we go on we will see how Shakespeare developed this part of the play and with what skill and genius.

When we consider the theatre in which these plays were acted we realize at once how much more was left to the imagination than is at present. No stage setting, no scenery, little change of costume and last, but by no means least, no women. That, without what we consider such necessary adjuncts, Shakespeare produced play after play which crowded his theatre and held his audiences spellbound is another proof of his amazing genius. The question may well arise in our minds as to how much of the success of the present day play is due to the stage setting and how much to real intrinsic merit.

Shakespeare exalted the actors' profession. He placed it above its accessories. We may say it was the result of necessity but we must remember that others had tried and he was the first who had succeed-

ed in running a successful theatre. As a playwright he was indeed a success.

The next article will take up the second of the original plays, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The following questions are suggested as bearing upon the line to be pursued:

How does it differ from "Love's Labor Lost"?

Do the characters fulfill your ideas of Italians? Is there any "Star" part? If so, which is it?

Compare characters of Valentine and Proteous, Sylvia and Julia, Speed and Launce.

What light does it shed on the servant problem?

What proof does this play furnish that Shakespeare had studied logic?

What lines do you consider the finest in the play?

Outline the movement of the action as worked out in the five acts.

What do we find in the play that proves it to be the work of a young man?

Compare Bernard Shaw's play of the "Philanderer" with the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and note the difference in the amount of "business" introduced.

Clubs having any special questions they desire to have answered in regard to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" or "Love's Labor Lost," must send them in before September first. Address Editor Shakespeare Dept.

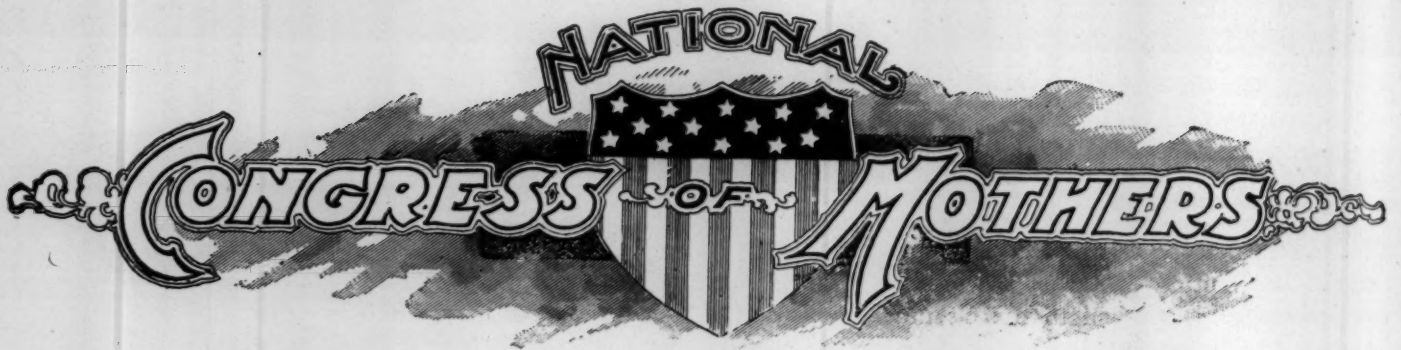


Day and Night

The day is for the country, green and fair;
Where the gold sunshine through the crystal air
May stream o'er flowery mead and limpid lake,
Or all the pallid snowdrifts lovelier make,
And wake the tints of land and sky and sea
To blend them into color's symphony;
Since Nature's charms of beauty and of might
Leap into glory at the touch of light.

The night is for the city, grim and loud;
Then ugliness lies dim beneath its shroud,
And all the voices' tumult, tread of feet
Like ghosts of echoes haunt each silent street.
But beauty shines from out a million lights,
On street and bridge and quay, like golden sprites
Reflected in the wave; while every waking soul
Thrills to the sight of power in hushed control;
And all the dreariness that by day appalls
Is hid by grandeur when the darkness falls.

OREOLA WILLIAMS HASKELL.



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THE importance and value of the work of the National Congress of Mothers were clearly evidenced in the Annual Conference of that Organization held in Chicago, May 11th to 14th. The meetings of the various sessions were full of inspiration and encouragement. It is impossible to give a detailed report of the four days' proceedings in the limited space of the CLUB WOMAN. No one attending those meetings could fail to catch the strong, sure, onward movement of this National Work for Childhood, which is taking such a firm hold of the hearts of our people.

At the first evening session, which was held in Fullerton Hall, Art Institute, so great was the concourse of people that several hundred were turned away. From that night on through all the sessions, to the closing one in Mandel Hall, Chicago University, the interest was unabated.

Various subjects were under discussion, but they all related to *the Child*, either in the Home, the School, the Community, or the State.

The conditions of Defective, Delinquent and Dependent Children were considered. "Moral Education," the subject that is occupying the attention of earnest men and women everywhere, was given an entire session. An evening was devoted to discussing "Menaces to the Home," the two burning questions chosen for consideration being the questions of "Divorce" and the "Mormon Hierarchy," both so blighting in their influence upon the life of the child. The "Working Child" came in for his share of investigation, and practical methods were suggested for the betterment of the great army of *under age* wage-earners.

Bright and clear among the galaxy of meetings stands out the evening upon which Judge Lindsay

spoke on the "Nation's Boy Problem." From his opening statement, "I count it no prouder privilege than to be the champion of the American Boy," down to his closing thought, "Work *with* the boys, rather than *for* them," no one in that great audience but must have felt that a new era was dawning for the erstwhile termed "Bad Boy."

"That lying, swearing, stealing, and licentiousness were alarmingly prevalent among our American boys may be true," said Judge Lindsay, "but it reflects not so much discredit upon the boys, as upon those responsible for them." He made the startling announcement that over one-half of the inmates of jails and penitentiaries come from our boys—"And the worst of it is, that nine-tenths of these boys are American boys, and not from the foreign class at all." Grave as the subject was and fraught with such deep import to our future citizenship, still through all the address there rang a note of hope—the hope that throughout our country there may be men and women raised up who will *give of themselves*, and not their theories only, in solving this great National Boy Problem.

The gathering in Mandel Hall on the last day of the Conference was welcomed most graciously by President Harper of Chicago University. He said in part, "I bring the greeting of two thousand women enrolled in this University, of more than two thousand men, and of three or four hundred officers of the Institution. . . . We recognize in your work an agency of a most helpful character. You have it in your power to change public opinion, to affect thinking men and women throughout the land. . . . I hope that your ideas and spirit may go through the breadth and length of our beloved country."

This last session was purely educational, and dealt

largely with the subject so near to the heart of the workers in the Congress—"The Closer Co-operation of the Home and School." Discussion was entered into, and practical suggestions made toward the accomplishing of this object.

The closing address was delivered by James L. Hughes of Toronto, Canada, on "Education for the Art of Life," a fitting theme as climax for this Conference, dealing as it had done for four days with subjects of such deep import. A fitting theme most fittingly presented.

The President's Address, on the second evening of the Conference, was a masterly summary of the "National Outlook for Childhood in America." It is the purpose of the Congress to have the same printed in pamphlet form for general distribution, as it so clearly and concisely sets forth the Aims and Purposes of the Congress.

Nothing has been said of the Social Features of the Conference. Of the Reception given in the Chicago Woman's Club Rooms, nor the Luncheon at Hotel Del Prado, both of which were memorable occasions, and demonstrated, as indeed all the gatherings did, the splendid local work which had been done by the Illinois Congress and the Club Women of Chicago.

Nothing was more clearly brought to light at this Conference than the fact of the unity of purpose actuating the women of our Clubs and the members of the Congress of Mothers. Both are dealing with problems of vital importance to the Home and the Nation. Only the work of the Club is more diffused in its effort, the work of the Congress more focused.

Foremost among the prominent Club women who attended the four days' meetings, was Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of Los Angeles, whose earnest, cheery presence was a delight, and whose happy "Greeting" and wittily thoughtful response to toast at the Luncheon on closing day, will not soon be forgotten by those who were favored in hearing her. Mrs. Henrotin also brought "Greetings" and evidenced her interest at various times by her presence.

A full report of proceedings with addresses will be published early in the fall, and can be had on application to the Secretary. Price one dollar.

The spirit of the Conference was marked throughout with a sincerity of purpose, a singleness of aim, a lack of self-seeking on the part of the workers, and an abiding trust and confidence in the Divine Power that spoke volumes for the forcefulness of the organization in the years to come.

The following Resolutions best bespeak the purport of the Conference:

WHEREAS, We desire the influence of this meeting to be as far-reaching as possible, therefore,

Resolved, That we pledge our efforts to secure through

the general consent of educators, through legislation, or through some other method, some system of definite training in morality according to correct pedagogical principles in our Public Schools.

Resolved, That as it has been clearly demonstrated that deaf-born children who are taught the oral method of speech from infancy are able to take their places in schools, colleges, and in trades with hearing children, the National Congress of Mothers will further in every way possible the establishment of this method for deaf-born children, who are thus enabled to secure the advantages of normal children.

Resolved, That in States in which children work who cannot read nor write, the efforts of the Clubs should be concentrated upon these two points:

By legal enactment, children under the age of 16 years should not work between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M., and children under 16 years of age who cannot read nor write should not work. In States in which these two points are effectively covered effort be directed to the enactment of the standard Child Labor Law.

Resolved, That the increasing use of cigarettes demands immediate and concerted effort if the evil is to be checked. Agitation, education, and more stringent legislation are necessary. It is urged that the crime-producing agency of cigarette smoking be given due attention by those who seek to decrease delinquency.

WHEREAS, We endorse and are furthering the establishment of the Probation System as the most effective method of child-saving, and

WHEREAS, Its success is absolutely dependent on the quality and intelligence of the work,

Resolved, That the National Congress of Mothers deems it necessary that in addition to maturity and experience of life, there should be special training for this important work.

Resolved, That we recommend the establishment of courses of study in every university for Probation Officers and other workers with children, that a high professional standard be set for child-saving.

WHEREAS, The National Congress of Mothers recognize in the polygamous and treasonable teachings and practices of the Mormon hierarchy an appalling menace to the homes of our land,

Resolved, That we express our gratitude to the United States Senate for ordering the investigation of the right of the Mormon hierarchy to have one of its highest officials and apostles as a representative in the Senate.

Resolved, That we express to the Senate and Committee on Privileges and Elections our appreciation of their work in revealing to the nation the facts charged in the protests, viz.:

1. Continuance of polygamy as one of the tenets of the Mormon doctrine.

2. Continuance of polygamous relations by the apostles of the Mormon hierarchy in defiance of the laws of God and of the country, and in violation of the agreement made in the manifesto when Utah was admitted as a State.

3. Absolute domination and control of politics by the Mormon hierarchy.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the further action of the Senate in authorizing and commanding the continuance of the investigation this summer in Utah and adjoining States, and that we urge upon the chairman and members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections the importance of proceeding promptly and thoroughly with the investigation, that the other charges made by the Protestants may be proved, and that the complete facts concerning the practices of the hierarchy may be revealed.

Resolved, That we urge this for the protection of the moral standards of a Christian nation, for the honor of American womanhood, for the protection of childhood, and for loyalty to the Government.

Resolved, That we appeal to the Senate to place this question in the high place it merits as a *moral* issue, above party, and that we urge them as American men, to honor American womanhood, by the expulsion of one who represents a self-confessed and defiant law-breaking organization, and by such further legislation as is necessary to prevent the systematic effort to undermine the moral standards of the home.

Resolved, That the National Congress of Mothers recognizes marriage as the only true foundation of the home.

We urge the mothers of the country to instill into their children's minds a true conception of the permanence and sacredness of the marriage relation.

Resolved, That the National Congress of Mothers cooperate with every movement in the effort to secure more adequate marriage and divorce laws throughout the United States, and in every way check the alarming number of divorces.

MARY V. GRICE, Secretary.

INVITATIONS TO THE CONGRESS.

Mrs. W. W. Murphy, President of the California Congress of Mothers, numbering over eight thousand members, brought a most cordial invitation for the Congress to meet in Los Angeles in 1906.

Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools in Toronto, also brought an invitation for the same year, but extended it for 1907 if California were chosen for the Conference in 1906. Milwaukee and Niagara Falls sent urgent invitations for the next Congress.

The triennial meeting will be held in Washington in February, 1905.

MOTHERS' CONGRESS CONFERENCE AT WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

May 26th was set apart for a Conference of the Mothers' Congress at the Hall of Congresses, World's Fair Ground, St. Louis.

The National officers and many of the State officers were present, and spoke on the different phases of the work. Judge Flenner of Idaho gave a thrilling account of the condition in Idaho under Mormon influence, and spoke of the polygamous lives of men holding high political places in Idaho.

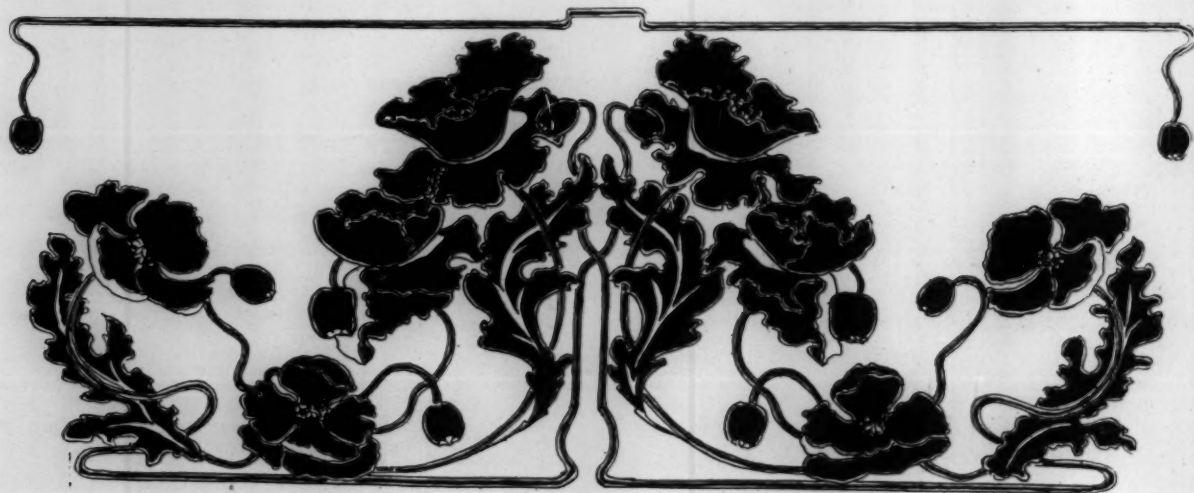
He commended the work done by women in securing the investigation in the Senate, and strongly urged them not to relax their efforts to uproot and conquer conditions which were a blight in social, business and political relations.

STATE CONGRESSES IN OCTOBER.

The New York State Congress will meet at Sandy Hill, New York, October 12.

The New Jersey Congress meets in Trenton, October 20, 21, 22.

The Pennsylvania Congress meets in Philadelphia, October 26, 27, 28. All delegates will be entertained if they will communicate with Mr. Herman H. Birney, Chairman of Hospitality Committee. The New Century Club of Philadelphia has tendered a reception to the Congress, and the use of its rooms to visiting delegates.



UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812

NATIONAL SOCIETY.



CHARTER TRUSTEES NATIONAL

MRS. WILLIAM GERRY SLADE
MRS. GEORGE B. WOODWARD

MRS. JACOB GEORGE ULLERY
MRS. BOWMAN A. MCCALLA

MRS. EDWARD ROBY, *Chairman*

MRS. WILLIAM GERRY SLADE, New York, *President National*.

MRS. WESTERN BASCOME, Missouri, *First Vice-Pres. National*.
MRS. SULLIVAN JOHNSON, Pennsylvania, *Second V-Pres. Nat'l*.
MRS. NELSON V. TITUS, Massachusetts, *Third V-Pres. Nat'l*.
MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, *Founder General, Director Nat'l*.
MRS. WILLIAM F. CORKRAN, Delaware, *Rec. Sec. National*.

MISS M. LOUISE EDGE, New Jersey, *Cor. Sec. National*.
MRS. CLARENCE F. R. JENNE, Vermont, *Treasurer National*.
MRS. ROBERT C. BARRY, Maryland, *Curator National*.
MRS. JOHN B. RICHARDSON, Louisiana, *Historian National*.
MRS. EDWARD ROBY, Illinois, *Charter Trustee National*.

MRS. GEORGE A. LUDIN, New York, *Special Secretary National*.

NATIONAL SOCIETY.

Eligibility to this Society is for Services—Civil, Military or Naval—from January 14, 1784, to November 2, 1815.

THE National Society Day at St. Louis, on the Exposition grounds, was a most pleasant and satisfactory occasion. About one-fifteenth of the membership responded favorably to the cards of invitation, and while some of these were detained at the last moment, a goodly number were present to show their interest in the work. It had been planned at first to held these exercises in Festival Hall; but the place was too large. It was therefore changed to Recital Hall in the Missouri State Building. This made a little confusion, and several, including some of the speakers, arrived very late for the exercises. These exercises were under the auspices of the National Society, the chairman being Mrs. Western Bascome, who is both President of the Missouri State Society and First Vice-President of the National Society.

The meeting was opened with music by the Filipino Band, whose attendance was a gratuitous honor to the Society. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry Mizner, of St. Stephen's Church, St. Louis. Mrs. Bascome gave the following welcoming address:

Members of the National Society of the United States Daughters of 1812, in behalf of the Missouri Society, I have the honor to greet you all, with a hearty and cordial welcome to this Universal Exposition of the Arts, Sciences, Resources and Industries of the world gathered here, exceeding in space, beauty and extensiveness all other World's Fairs that have preceded it.

We are gathered here for fraternal reunion, to commemorate the War of 1812, and to witness the almost miraculous development, not only of the Territory known as the Louisiana Purchase, but also to note this development in our country and insular possessions and the commercial and civilized world at large.

From almost a wilderness in 1803, when the purchase was

made, an Empire has been created, which to-day encircles fourteen States and Territories of our glorious Union, containing a population of fifteen millions.

We meet at this Universal Exhibition to compare its development in arts, sciences and industrial accomplishments during the past century, and to measure this with what has been wrought by the older States of this Union and the world during that period.

Our country emerged from the Revolutionary War as a Federation of States, and the War of 1812 tested our youthful strength and energy, and welded us into a nation with a unity of principle and purpose, permeated by a spirit of liberty, and confidence in our ability to maintain the principles for which we fought in 1776.

The Treaty of Peace was sealed by the last battle of the War of 1812, which was fought in New Orleans within the Louisiana Purchase Territory.

That battle was fought and won after peace was declared, but owing to scant facilities for disseminating news at that early period (before telegraphs existed), it was unknown in New Orleans before the battle, or it might have been averted, and would have been, had we then been blessed with the facilities of the present day, which annihilates space, and enables us to receive accounts of what is transpiring all over the world, almost before the events happen.

We invite you to examine the various exhibits installed in the great and beautiful palaces prepared for them, in which the handiwork of women is shown in competition with men, and assure you that you will not go away unsatisfied with what the century of civilization has wrought.

Again extending to you a cordial welcome to our city, and our homes, I have the pleasure to introduce to you one who, as National President of our Society, has developed and extended it, until now we have 24 State and Territorial societies. I present to you one who needs no introduction to most of you—Mrs. William Gerry Slade of New York, President of the National Society of the U. S. Daughters of 1812.

This was responded to by the National President—Mrs. William Gerry Slade. After the playing of "America" by the band, Mrs. Zylla Moore Cardin, of View, Kentucky, recited an old campaign song of the time of the War of 1812, which had been secured after much trouble and copied for the occasion by Miss Margaret W. Rickey, of Allegheny, Pennsyl-

vania, entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky," by Samuel Woodworth:

"We are a hardy, freeborn race
 "Each man to fear a stranger!
 "Whate'er the game, we join the chase,
 "Despising toil and danger.
 "And if a daring foe annoys—
 "No matter what his force is
 "We'll show them that Kentucky boys are 'Alligator Horses.'

"You've heard the town of New Orleans
 "Was famed for wealth and beauty;
 "There's girls of every hue it seems
 "From snowy white to sooty.
 "So Packenham he made his brags
 "If he in fight was lucky
 "He'd have our girls and cotton bags
 "In spite of 'Old Kentucky.'

"But Jackson—he was wide awake;
 "He did not scare at trifles;
 "For well he knew what aim we take
 "With our Kentucky rifles.
 "He led us down the Cyprus camp
 "(The ground was low and mucky).
 "There stood 'John Bull' in martial pomp
 "And *there* was 'Old Kentucky.'

"A bank was raised to hide our breasts—
 "Not that we thought of dying—
 "But that we always liked to rest
 "Unless the game was flying.
 "Behind it stood our little force—
 "None wished it to be greater—
 "For every man was half a horse
 "And half an alligator.

"They did not let our patience tire
 "For soon they showed their faces,
 "We thought we would reserve our fire,
 "So snugly held our places.
 "But when so near we saw them wink
 "We thought it time to stop 'em.
 "It would have done you good, I think,
 "To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

"They found at last 'twas vain to fight
 "Where lead was all the booty,—
 "And so they wisely took to flight
 "And left us all the beauty.
 "And now, if danger e'er annoys,
 "You all know what our trade is.
 "Just send for us Kentucky Boys.
 "And we'll protect you—ladies."

Mrs. Dimies T. Denison, now Honorary President of the General Federation, gave a delightful and humorous address, adding to the laurels she had already won. She was followed by greetings from Mrs. John B. Richardson, President of Louisiana and Curator of the National Society; Mrs. Robert Hall Wiles, President of Illinois, and Mrs. B. C. Whitney, President of Michigan. Dr. Jennie de la Lozier was in the audience and, by request, gave a touching and loving tribute of encouragement to the good work, speaking of the importance of this war in the history of the United States.

Mrs. Cardin recited the poem by Mrs. Minnie Ouray Roberts, entitled the "Spirit of 1812," which has been given before in these reports. The exercises closed with the playing—as the President expressed it—of our National Song, "The Star Spangled Banner," for it was the patriotism of this struggle that called it forth.

The audience then adjourned to the large drawing

room of the Missouri State Building, where a reception was given by the Missouri State Society to the visiting members and guests. About three hundred attended. As the Texas State Building and that of Great Britain were both holding their opening receptions at the same time, the large attendance at our own was doubly pleasing. The President and members of the Board of Managers of the Exposition, also of the Board of Lady Managers, all the foreign commissioners, and officers of the Army and Navy were invited, and all who could attended. On the receiving line were the officers of the Missouri State Society: Mrs. Western Bascome, President; Mrs. Wallace Delafied, Vice-President; Mrs. Alphonso J. C. de Figueiredo, Secretary; Mrs. Arthur V. Southward, Historian; Mrs. Theodore Shelton, Registrar; Mrs. Henry Stanley, Treasurer, and Miss Emma Webster Powell, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Mrs. William Gerry Slade, President of the National Society; Mrs. Daniel Manning, President of the Board of Lady Managers of the St. Louis Exposition; Mrs. Dimies T. Denison, Honorary President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. John B. Richardson, President of the Louisiana State Society and Curator of the National Society; Mrs. B. C. Whitney, President of Michigan; Mrs. Robert Hall Wiles, President of Illinois; Miss M. Louise Edge, President of New Jersey and Corresponding Secretary National Society; Mrs. Edward Addison Greely, Historian of the New York State Society; Miss J. M. Kennedy, Vice-President of the Ohio State Society, and Rev. Henry Mizner, of St. Stephen's Church, St. Louis. A photograph was taken of the receiving party on the steps of the Missouri State Building by the photographer of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and published in their issue of May 27, 1904.

The following day the National President was given a reception by Miss Emma Webster Powell at her residence. In the midst of all the excitement of the time every courtesy was offered the National President by the members of the society there. The carriages and home table of Mrs. Bascome and Mrs. Shelton, the automobile of Mrs. Burrows, flowers and invitations and calls from Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. de Figueiredo and others, more than could be accepted, and that courtesy and loyalty from one and all that gives courage for all future work.

The representatives from New York State were Mrs. Alfred Mills Judson, who was with the President; Mrs. Edward Addison Greely and Mrs. Chauncey Stoddard, of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

Three events of considerable importance have taken place in this State since the last issue. The first

chapter, comprising the residents in New York City, has hitherto held its organization in abeyance till the State membership was larger. Now, by the petition of ten members, it will be placed in regular working order. A preliminary meeting was called at the residence of the earliest member, Mrs. George A. Ludin, who, according to the custom of organizing in this Society, has been offered the Regency and has accepted. The making of this Chapter a working force has been postponed lest it be confused with the National and State work, both of which have their business offices in New York City. But as other Chapters are forming, and as the work has in reality thus far been that of the residents of New York City, it is considered best to so organize that these shall receive the credit of their own work. All residents of Greater New York are transferred to this Chapter, unless there is some specific reason why the present members shall remain on the State list. Only members residing within the limits of the city can be members thereof. Applicants residing in New York City will hereafter be received through this Chapter.

The second important event is the first meeting of the Niagara Frontier Chapter, at the residence of its Regent, Mrs. John Miller Horton, in Buffalo, N. Y. This Chapter contains members residing in Erie County and also in Niagara County. This first meeting was only a preliminary, executive and organizing meeting, and the following officers were elected, the Regent having received a four years' appointment from the State Board of Directors: First Vice-Regent, Mrs. Robert Fulton; Second Vice-Regent, Mrs. William Y. Warren; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Richard Wallace Goode; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Rossiter Waters; Registrar, Mrs. Albert J. Wheeler; Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence Ford Powell; Historian, Miss Elizabeth Celinda Trott.

The third interesting and important event was the annual outing of the New York State Society, which was enjoyed by just fifty. A special trolley was engaged for the occasion, which left 129th Street and Third Avenue at 10 o'clock A.M. The day was just right—neither too warm nor too cold, too sunny nor too shady. The ride was over those historic spots made memorable both in the War of the American Revolution and in the War of 1812, much of it being over the Old Boston Post Road, at one time the regular and only land route between New York and Boston. The Larchmont Clubhouse was reached at 12 o'clock, where, by the courtesy of Mr. Meighan, one of the members, the company was entertained. The interval from 12 to 1 o'clock was employed in inspecting the clubhouse and listening to some fine instrumental music by Mrs. Lowell and some fine vocal music by Miss Lorton. The luncheon was perfect in every detail; and as soon as it was over, the large

bank of flowers which had almost hidden the President was divided among the party. The yacht of the club was placed at the disposal of the Society, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to see from the water some of the fine residences along the shore. The party started for home at 3.30 P.M., arriving at their starting place at 5.30, giving time to those who were already out of the city for the summer to reach their homes in good season. The affair was as near perfect in all its details as is possible, and great credit and the thanks of the Society are due to Mrs. Howard Meighan, of New Rochelle, who had the arrangements in charge, and to whose efforts the success is due.

LOUISIANA.

The regular monthly meeting of this State Society was held on May 7, under the "Oaks of Chalmette," the members driving there all together, as is their custom at this season. After the routine business, the President, Mrs. John B. Richardson, entertained the Society to a delicious luncheon of salads, cold meats, sandwiches and ices, the time being interspersed with witty and patriotic speeches in response to the sentiments introduced. Mrs. Julia D. Montgomery responded to "Let us yield ourselves to the power of imagination." Then she led them back to that field in 1815—"torn by shot and shell and watered with the blood of warriors. What is left them now? A gray shaft—not completed. But a starry, floating flag, and the immortal memory of their noble deeds." "What have their self-sacrificial acts brought to us? Look abroad. Beneath that blood-soaked soil lived the germs of these lordly oaks under whose spreading boughs we are sheltered. From that trodden dust behold the verdure of sward to gladden the eye and rest the weary pilgrim feet. See the great river open to the commerce of every nation. Look upon all the tokens and environments of a splendid civilization, and in the enjoyment of which we are this moment luxuriating, and give high honor to those heroes who lent their aid to the accomplishment of all this and whose joint efforts have made it possible to chant 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee I Sing.'

"It is always a fresh pleasure to find myself surrounded by the intellectual supremacy of any place, but it is with a special satisfaction that I thank you for the honor of standing amidst you as a guest of the Daughters of 1812."

Mrs. Rene Beauregard was the guest of honor. Among those present were: Mrs. John B. Richardson, Mrs. Virginia S. Fowler, Mrs. Van Buren, Mrs. Julia B. Montgomery, Mrs. Rene Beauregard, Mrs. C. H. Tebault, Mrs. George W. Stern, Mrs. Edith P. Putnam, Mrs. D. R. Miller, Mrs. F. G. Tennent, Mrs. J. M. Sherrouse, Mrs. W. O. Hart, Mrs. L. Graham, Misses Jane S. Lothrop, M. S. Lothrop, Irene Barrow, Helen Pitkin and Rita Stern.

A committee was appointed with Mrs. F. G. Tennent, chairman, to call on the resident manager of the Louisville R. R. to protest against changing the name of "English Lookout" as a station on their road.

Mrs. Richardson reached St. Louis in time to take part in the exercises of the National Society in Re-

cital Hall, Missouri Building, on May 26. She gave cordial greetings for her Society in that melodious Southern voice of hers, when unexpectedly to herself she was presented both as the Louisiana State President and the Historian of the National Society.

The last meeting for the season was held on June 7, at the residence of Mrs. V. Fowler. In the absence of the President in St. Louis this meeting was presided over by the Vice-President, Mrs. J. M. Sherrouse. After attending to business the affair of changing the name of "English Lookout" was taken up, but owing to the illness of the chairman nothing had been done. Another member was added to this committee and satisfactory results are expected. Of greatest interest to this band of patriotic women was the fact that the new flag which the Society had purchased to float over Chalmette monument had been mutilated, this fact having been called to their attention at their meeting there the previous month. Investigation proved that it had been the work of public school children who had held their entertainment there on February 22. Efforts will be made to teach these children the courtesy due their country's flag, to teach them the salute and its meaning and to have a National Flag law passed in Louisiana which shall make such desecration even in sport a misdemeanor. These patriotic women are doing grand work.

MICHIGAN.

The Michigan State Society held its last meeting of the summer on the third Tuesday of May, at the residence of Mrs. Jerome Bishop, at Wyandotte, one of the pleasant suburban towns near Detroit. The house was a bower of spring blossoms, and the beautiful lawn and gardens on the bank of the "blue Detroit River" added to the harmony of the scene.

The closing paper of the year's program, which has been on the study of the Louisiana Purchase from the earliest explorers to the present exposition, was most ably given by the Vice-President, Mrs. John V. Moran. With a fine command of language, the essayist reviewed the evolution of a then barren French territory to a country whose magnitude cannot be measured by words.

The Society voted to retain in office the present Program Committee, who, under the wise leadership of its chairman, Mrs. C. W. Hockett, had carried through successfully a most difficult task.

Delightful refreshments were enjoyed by all, and the Michigan members parted for the summer.

BEATRICE LARNED WHITNEY,

State President.

Mrs. Whitney was present at St. Louis at the National Society's exercises on May 26, and gave a most charming greeting from her State Society, though called upon very unexpectedly.

MAINE.

The United States Daughters of 1812, State of Maine, held their May meeting on the fourth of the month, at the home of our "Real Daughter," Mrs. Alphonso Gilkey. The President presided. The guest of honor was Mrs. Ellen French Foster. After the usual preliminaries a committee was appointed to make arrangements for Memorial Day, also for a field day. An account of the Battle of Folly Cove, 1812, was read by the Auditor, Mrs. Albert E. Smith. The Secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Young, read a sketch of Hiram Kronk, the only survivor of the War of 1812, who has attained the age of 104 years. A letter from Nathan Goold, the custodian of the Longfellow House, has been received, thanking us for our past efforts and kindly interest and again asking our assistance as guides during the summer months. The next social meeting will be our guest day, to be held at the historic home of our Secretary in South Portland. Mrs. Gilkey entertained the Society in the most pleasing manner (on this Wednesday), serving a dainty luncheon and giving unstinted hospitality; and, early on Friday morning of May 6, only two days after, her only son died very suddenly, and we were called upon to sympathize with her in her sorrow. The son's wife and two daughters had assisted at our entertainment. Out of our sorrow with them we do not give the full details of the day. They represent one of our best families in the city and the loss will be greatly felt.

The last executive meeting of the season was held at the home of the President on June 4, where arrangements were made for the annual field day at Casco Castle, South Freeport. It was voted to accept the invitation from the custodian of the Longfellow House, and members have been appointed to serve as guides every Wednesday from June 15 to August 1. Several social reunions were planned for the summer. On Memorial Day we decorated the graves of the soldiers of the War of 1812 and cast flowers upon the waters in memory of the heroes of the sea. We will not meet officially again till October.

MRS. C. A. DYER,

President of the State of Maine.

OHIO.

Mrs. T. L. A. Greve, President of Ohio, was detained from the National Society's day at St. Louis by her attendance at the graduation exercises of her daughter. Mrs. Greve's appointment as President for four years expired on May 17. The annual meeting of this State was held on the 16th at the residence of the Secretary, Mrs. William Simpson, on College Hill. Mrs. Simpson has a large house and beautiful grounds well adapted for entertaining, and it is the pleasure of the hostess to make everybody happy.

The officers' reports were unusually interesting, the luncheon most inviting, and all were united in their expression of enjoyment. The following officers were unanimously elected: President, Mrs. T. L. A. Greve, of Cincinnati; First Vice-President, Mrs. Helen Walcott Dimmick, of Toledo; Second Vice-President, Miss Joan Miner Kennedy, of Hamilton; Secretary, Mrs. William T. Simpson, of Cincinnati; Treasurer, Mrs. David T. Disney, of Cincinnati; Historian, Mrs. Alexander Clark, of Cincinnati; Registrar, Miss Zelia Freeman of Linden. The luncheon and social part followed the business meeting. The Society's flower—the white carnation—and ferns were the floral decorations, and the plate cards were symbolical and appropriate.

Mr. Herbert Jenney, President of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, made a particularly interesting speech. Our President says "He surpassed himself." His subject was "The Settlement of the Northwest Territory." The Rev. John Hugh Ely followed with a tribute to the good being done by the hereditary societies. Mrs. Greve read Mrs. Minnie Ouray's poem, "The Spirit of 1812." Greetings were sent by the Governor of the Colonial Wars, by the President of the Sons of the Revolution, and by Professor Whitcomb, of the Cincinnati University. Among the special guests were Mrs. W. W. Andrews, one of the early national members; Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mrs. Carnahan, of Middleton; Mrs. William G. Caldwell, Miss Smith, Mrs. Caroline Collins, Mrs. Herbert Jenney, and many others. The Second Vice-President, Miss Kennedy, represented the Society at St. Louis.

MARYLAND.

This State has also done itself the honor, and paid the President the compliment of a re-election. Mrs. Robert C. Barry is again the President. The appointment of the National Executive Board to Mrs. Barry expired on May 19, and from now on the office of President will be filled by election. This annual meeting took place at Heptosophs Hall in Baltimore. The only change in officers was that of the First Vice-President, Mrs. J. D. Iglehart. The executive force is as follows: President, Mrs. Robert C. Barry; First Vice-President, Mrs. Guillermo H. Martin; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel C. Rowland; Third Vice-President, Mrs. William Brown; Recording Secretary, Miss Florence P. Sadtler; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Alfred Miller; Treasurer, Mrs. Robert K. Waring; Registrar, Mrs. Albert K. Hadel; Historian, Mrs. Robert G. McGuire; Directors, Mrs. George T. Sadtler, Mrs. Edgar M. Lazarus, Mrs. Charles E. Capito Smith, Mrs. Albert Homberg, Mrs. Felix Agnus, Miss Anna Clark, Miss Mary V. Greenway and Miss Grace Addins. Mrs. Barry made a brief address, thanking the officers for their loyal as-

sistance. Mrs. Barry's ancestor, Col. Nicholas Rutten Moore, was the civil engineer who laid out the fortifications of Fort McHenry, and, it is said, did much toward obtaining the victory which confirmed the independence of the United States. Since the election, the members have visited the Fort, where they were officially received by Major Mederon Crawford, Commandant, and his staff, and a dress parade given in their honor. The ladies were escorted by the President of the Society of the War of 1812 for Maryland, Dr. Albert K. Hadel. Mrs. Crawford, wife of the Commandant, was absent in New York, and the guests were welcomed by Mrs. James F. Brady, wife of Captain Brady, and her sister, Mrs. Horner, of Washington. Subsequent to the parade Major Crawford and the officers of the garrison escorted them to the various points of interest in and about the Fort, particularly those which are historical. Miss Key, the direct descendant of Francis Scott Key, was one of the party.

WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin sent two delegates—Miss Mary Beekman Sabin (its Registrar and Secretary), and Mrs. Andrew M. Joys, to the National Society's gathering at St. Louis on May 26. They report having returned to their homes with renewed interest and zeal redoubled from what they learned of the Society, saw of its accomplishments and realized of its purposes, while there. This State has needed much encouragement of late owing to the continued absence of its President, Mrs. Charles Catlin. Mrs. Halsey, the Vice-President, has been faithful to the work, but the President is always needed at her post. The Society has met with a sad loss in the death of one of the members, Mrs. Isaac P. Tichenor.

GEORGIA.

A social meeting, with a reported fine program, was held at the residence of the President, Miss Nina Hornady, on Monday afternoon, June 27. Mrs. Albert Spaulding, of New Orleans, sang for the first time in Atlanta. The report of the same has not reached headquarters as yet.

MISSOURI.

Excepting an increase in membership, Missouri has nothing to report this month. All in St. Louis is embodied in the Exposition. Mrs. Wallace Delafield, one of our members and officers there, has been elected State Regent of the D. A. R.'s, and Mrs. Western Bascome, our President, has been elected Vice-State Regent for the same. The latter had charge of the patriotic entertainment on Flag Day at the Exposition.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey was represented at St. Louis by its President, Miss M. Louise Edge. Miss Edge is also Corresponding Secretary of the National Society,

Registrar of the National Membership Board, and sole committee to select an emblem for our "Real Daughters." New Jersey should not fail to realize the prominent place that is assigned to it by this representation.

DELAWARE.

This State gave one of the prettiest functions of the season on June 7 at the Women's Clubhouse in Wilmington, in honor of their National President, Mrs. William Gerry Slade. The hour was 3 P.M. After a cordial reception, much to the surprise of and with the tender appreciation of the National President, the members in Delaware grouped themselves together, and under the leadership of the State President, Mrs. Millard F. Corkran, sang, to music from "Wang," the following words of Mrs. Corkran's composing:

Mrs. Slade, our dainty little ladie,
How she travels up and down,
North and East and South and West.
Mrs. Slade, our dainty little ladie,
May she live for many a year
And eat with our silver spoon.

1ST VERSE.

Daughters from Maryland, Penn. and Del.,
Greet you this festive day,
Dames Colonial, D. A. R.,
Join in our happy day.

2D VERSE.

Blue Hen's Chickens of Delaware,
From the English come the dub;
We, the Daughters of 1812,
Hail our General from the Hub.

3D VERSE.

Children of men from a colder clime
And the land of magnolia and palm,
Hail your coming this day in June,
As we did that December morn.

FINALE.

"Little Giant," nothing seems to daunt you,
Storm nor tempest, heat nor cold,
Through it all our General true.
May your labors be faithfully rewarded.
Accept our loving tribute, then,
And this spoon that we give to you.

—E. E. M. C.

Following this was the presentation of a beautiful souvenir spoon in a white case and tied with the blue and gray ribbon of the Society. In the bowl of the spoon is engraved the Flag Monument at Cooche Bridge. On the front of the handle is engraved the arms of the State of Wilmington with its motto, "Liberty and Independence." On the back of the bowl is engraved, "Pres. to Mrs. W. Gerry Slade, Pres. Nat. U. S. D., 1812, from the Del. Daughters. 6/7/'04."

Mrs. Slade responded as best she could (for when the heart is full words are difficult to find), quoting from a poem by Will. D. Muse, in the *Chattanooga Times*:

We do not care what the world may say
If those whom we love are true;
We do not mind the toil of the day
If we know in the dusk and the dew
There waits someone who will welcome us
As we come home to rest—
Some friend who will say, "Dear heart, I know
That to-day you have done your best."

We do not mind if the thorns are sharp,
Or the pathway is rough and steep:
We do not mind if we plow and sow
For others to come and reap,
If we can but hear, when the twilight comes
And the red in the west grows gray,
Some dear voice whisper these words of cheer:
"You have fought a good fight to-day."

Refreshments were then served, the National President being cared for by the loving hands of the members themselves. It was all so delicate, so refined, so cordial, and withal so true. Those who attended were all so happy.

TEXAS.

This Society is not only gaining in numbers but in intense interest. An entertainment for the benefit of its work was given in the Opera House at Austin recently, and the following verses were written for the Daughters of 1812 by Professor H. S. Piner, Superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind, of Austin, Texas, and recited by little Miss Katherine Wheatley, whose great-grandfather was an officer in the Battle of New Orleans:

ENGLAND'S LAST LESSON.

There were forests of savages in our rear
And a thousand ships on our view,
But from Northern Lakes to the Everglades
There were men who would dare and do;
Behind were the lords of the wilderness,
Before were the lords of the sea;
But between were Pilgrim and Puritan
And the love of liberty.

We had taught Great Britain a lesson or two
In the Ride of Paul Revere;
We had taught her the sea is the world's highway,
That a free nation's coasts must be clear;
We had taught her that taxes cannot be imposed
On a people without their consent,—
That American courage held the secret of power
Though material resources were spent.

But Great Britain learned slowly the lessons we taught;
She forgot them, as children, not men;
And our teaching from Lexington on to Yorktown
Must be given them somewhere again.
In the meantime this young Western nation had grown
Into knowledge and power and skill;
And in eighteen twelve she taught England anew.
The life-lesson of old Bunker Hill.

Then we taught her a lesson with Old Ironsides
When she conquered the Guerriere;
And Lawrence's bold ensign, "Don't give up the ship,"
Drove the lion back into his lair.
We taught her a lesson at Tippecanoe
And another at Lundy's Lane;
And "I'll try, sir," was caught up and turned into song
And became the whole nation's refrain.

They had entered and burned our capital
And plundered the land of its store;
But the Star-Spangled Banner was floating still
O'er McHenry and Baltimore.
And we taught her again at New Orleans
From behind the cotton bales
That though outnumbered by two to one
American prowess avails.

We taught them our spirit at Faneuil Hall,
Where we cradled our liberty;
We taught them our right to the Western World
And an equal share in the sea;
And though they gave the world a George III
And the land where sets no sun,
We gave it a model government
And the land of Washington.

Through Mrs. Bowman A. McCalla, one of the National Charter Trustees, the furnishing of one of the seven largest rooms in the Sailors' Clubhouse at Vallejo, California, has been reserved for this State. A check has already been sent for part of the work and another will be sent soon. The table for the room is to be made of Texas wood at the State Penitentiary, with the Texas star in the center. Pictures representing phases of Texas history will also be sent to more thoroughly make that room identified with this State of Texas and with this National Society.

STATES NOT HEARD FROM.

No report has been received from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Colorado, Illinois, District of Columbia or Mississippi.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The annual meeting of this State Society took place at the Hotel Shenley on Friday, May 20. The election resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Sullivan Johnson, of Allegheny; First Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Clay Marshall, of Media; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas M. Jones, of Harrisburg; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Joseph W. Marsh, of Pittsburg; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Robert T. Reineman, of Pittsburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Catherine I. Egle, of Harrisburg; Treasurer, Mrs. Edward H. Ward, of Pittsburg; Registrar, Mrs. William H. House, of Pittsburg; Historian, Mrs. Charles Dulaney, of Philadelphia; Surgeon, Dr. Millie J. Chapman, of Pittsburg; Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Edward H. Ward, of Pittsburg. The forenoon was devoted to business matters and after this a luncheon, followed by the program offered by Rev. Dr. Edward H. Ward, the Chaplain, who had prepared a responsive scripture service, which was adopted by the Society. This was followed by an extremely interesting paper on the "History of the Society and of the Flag," by Dr. Millie J. Chapman, the Surgeon. The latter has been untiring in her gratuitous work for those of the Society who needed such work and for all those who have suffered as the result of the Spanish-American War and for any descendants of that war needing her services. The Society voted her a gift of the Insignia of the Society in recognition of this great and grand work. The thought of taking some rooms where those needing such attention (under the rulings of the Society), could be accommodated was favorably considered. A committee consisting of Dr. Millie J. Chapman, Mrs. Edwin Z. Sullivan, Mrs. Sullivan Johnson, Mrs. Joseph W. Marsh, Mrs. Robert T. Reineman, Mrs. William H. House and Mrs. Edward H. Ward was appointed for this purpose. It is said that there are now living but twelve "Real Daughters" of the American Revolution. But there are many "Real Daughters" of the

second war who are fast approaching the age and condition where they will need this help. It is for this purpose the work is done. There are four "Real Daughters" on the Pennsylvania list; but they are not the ones for whom such work as above is necessary.

Some interesting letters from Commodore Perry which have never been published were read by Mrs. Joseph Marsh. There was music by the choir of the Christ Methodist Episcopal Church—Miss Alice Eastman, soprano; Miss Geraldine Damen, contralto; Mr. Frederic Day, tenor, and Mr. Frederic Cutter, basso. Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon spoke on behalf of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. William T. Wallace, for the Colonial Dames; Mr. Macfarland, who spoke of the organization of the United States Navy; Mr. Guthrie, for the Sons of the Revolution, and an address by Mr. James Hadden which we give in full. Mr. Hadden exhibited photographs of Pt. Necessity, Braddock's grave, Jumonville's grave, Dunbar's camp, Lundy's Lane, Fort Niagara, and others.

Mr. Hadden's paper:

Mesdames President and Chairman, and ladies of the Dolly Madison Chapter of the U. S. D.'s of 1812:

You have assembled for the laudable purpose of perpetuating the memory and of rehearsing the heroic deeds of your forefathers.

It is most fitting on this occasion to rehearse some of the inestimable blessings vouchsafed to us, and to do honor to those noble heroes whose deeds it is your privilege and pleasure to perpetuate.

In our justifiable pride in the history and attainments of our country we must not fail to inquire "To whom, under divine providence, do we owe the unbounded gratitude of our hearts for all these invaluable blessings?"

All honor to the heroes of the Revolution. They have abundantly merited the praise and gratitude of a mighty and prosperous nation. Palsied be the hand that would pluck a single laurel from the brow of one who gave his service to break the iron grasp of the oppressor. They laid the foundation on which is builded a mighty and magnificent structure which is now the wonder and admiration of the world. They truly reaped the golden sheaves of a mighty harvest. But it remained for the heroes of 1812 to place the cap sheaf to shelter the harvest from the devastating reign of a foreign power.

It is to honor these and to perpetuate the memory of their heroic deeds that your society was organized. It was they who lowered the British flag of tyranny for the second time on American soil, and humiliated the "proud mistress of the sea," and threw open the ports of the world, where under the protecting folds of the star spangled banner is now given a hearty welcome to American commerce.

It was the heroes of 1812 who administered to the British government a wholesome lesson in etiquette, and since which time the staid old Johnny Bull has never failed to doff his hat in social recognition of the youthful and the beautiful Miss Columbia since her début into the society of nations.

My native town claims to have furnished the first company of volunteers, under the command of Captain Thomas Collins, to respond to our country's call in the War of 1812.

A resident of my town, Corporal William McClelland, of Capt. Moore's company, carried the Stars and Stripes to victory along the Northern Lakes, and his grandson, William McClelland, now has in his possession a remnant of that flag as a prized heirloom, and which it is now my pleasure to exhibit to you.

It was a native of my town who charged the gun that swept the deck of the Detroit and caused the commander of that vessel to lower her colors amidst the huzzas of the American fleet, and assured to Commodore Perry his glorious victory which enabled him to send to General Harrison his laconic dispatch "We have met the enemy and they are ours." For which gallant service the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania had medals struck and presented to those of her sons who manned the vessels and participated in Perry's victory.

It is my pleasure to exhibit to you the medal awarded to John Beeson of Uniontown, for his services on that glorious occasion, and which is now the prized heirloom of his grandson, James Beeson of Brownfield, Pa.

Some one has said:

"Hurrah for the women of '76."

A wag has said, "They're too old," and suggests,

"Hurrah for the girls of '17," but we go one better and say, "Hurrah for the Daughters of '12."

Pennsylvania is blessed in having three poets enrolled in its membership; viz., Mrs. Thomas M. Jones, of Harrisburg; Mrs. William H. Siviter and Mrs. Minnie Ouray Roberts, whose poem, entitled the "Spirit of 1812," has already been published in THE CLUB WOMAN. On this occasion she gave the following: "Our Unknown Dead at Lundy's Lane." The subject of the poem was suggested to Mrs. Roberts by the recent discovery of the bones of several soldiers in an unmarked grave near Lundy's Lane:

I do not know from whence they came,
What rugged State had given them birth.
I only know, without a name,
They sleep up there in alien earth.
The old Niagara sings its song,
The violets nestle, blue and sweet,
By those brave boys who've slept so long
That none shall miss their absent feet.

I do not know what mother cried
When troops came marching home again,
Without a word from these who died
In that fierce fight of Lundy's Lane.

I do not know what sweetheart kept
A tender word, or kiss, or prayer.
I only know they fought and slept,
And saved the old flag floating there.

Within one common grave they sleep,
Unmarked save by a little stone,
And old Niagara's angry deep
Sings on in restless monotone.
The gray Canadian skies bend low—
You wonder why my feet should lag—
Near these who fell so long ago,
That all that's left them is the flag.

The flag that's floated fair and free
Since our forefathers gave it birth.
That's honored both by land and sea;
That stands for freedom o'er the earth.
I do not know what mother cried,
When troops came marching home again
Without the soldier boys who died
On alien soil at Lundy's Lane.

But this I know, through ages down
The old flag that they died to save
Shall flutter free from tyrant's crown,
And throw its glory o'er their grave.

—Minnie Ouray Roberts.

A reception was held at 4.30 o'clock at the close of the luncheon. During all the exercises the silver loving cup which is to be presented to the cruiser Pennsylvania, was on exhibition. It is about fourteen inches in height and engraved with a cluster of carnations—the Society's flower—with an inscription under the carnations, "Don't give up the ship." On the opposite side is inscribed, "U. S. Cruiser Pennsylvania, presented by the Pennsylvania Society, Daughters of 1812," and the beautiful insignia of the Society, the "Star of Hope and Anchor of Faith." An original poem about the "Loving Cup" was written and read by Mrs. William Henry Siviter, but no copy has reached us as yet.

The State has three new chapters in progress of organization besides the three already organized.

Mrs. Frank Murdoch was chairman of the program for the day.

The Dolly Madison Chapter, of Pittsburg, held its annual meeting on May 2 (the same day that the New York State Society was holding its annual meeting), at the home of its Regent, Mrs. Frank H. Murdoch. The yearly reports were read before a large representation of the chapter members. An election of officers was held with the following results: Regent, Mrs. Robert T. Reineman; Vice-Regent, Mrs. W. W. Wishart; Recording Secretary, Miss Bertha Fisher; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Samuel Grif-fith; Treasurer, Mrs. W. N. Anderson; Registrar, Mrs. W. W. Wallace; Historian, Miss Rickey; Surgeon, Dr. Millie I. Chapman; Directors, Mrs. Frank E. Murdoch, Mrs. Sullivan Johnson, Mrs. Minnie Ouray Roberts, Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. Sullivan.

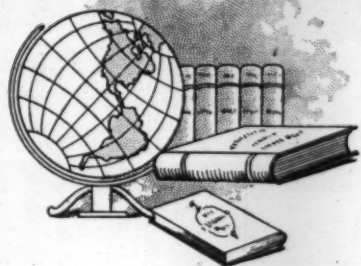
Mrs. Murdoch entertained the chapter at luncheon at the close of this meeting. The invitations for the luncheon were engraved with blue on a gray card and were very artistic. This chapter now numbers seventy-eight on its roll, an addition of ten new members during the year.

The committee on the erection of a monument at Lundy's Lane here received a letter from an official of the State Department at Ottawa, saying that there is already a monument at Lundy's Lane in honor of an American infantry regiment. Investigation of this statement will be made.

The last meeting for the season of the Keystone Chapter of Harrisburg was held on June 10th at the residence of Mrs. John C. Kunkle. There were two papers, one by Mrs. James Barr Mercereau on "The Hartford Convention," and one by Miss Catherine Egle on "The Causes Leading up to the War of 1812." Miss Egle's paper was read by Miss Fannie Eby, the latter also having charge of the music for this meeting.

MRS. WILLIAM GERRY SLADE,
National President.

OUR WOMEN TEACHERS



IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

*A department devoted to
the interests of women teachers*
Qui docet, discit.

Mrs. Harry Hastings, Department Editor

SCHOOL activities, so far as class-room work is concerned, have indeed ceased; but the teachers' thoughts are not all vacationward. A great majority of the teachers spend the whole of the summer rest time in that for which it was designed, relaxation and recuperation; but many use this time for broadening culture and for the acquisition of specific knowledge for their different lines of work.

Again, since in so many cities increased salary depends on the holding of higher licenses and these in their turn depend on further academic attainments, not a few teachers all over the country give a considerable portion of their time in attendance on summer school courses, mostly University extension courses at the various colleges. Harvard, Columbia, Cornell and the New York University offer very practical and attractive courses for special work, and have a registration list, embracing every State in the Union. The Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, and the Chautauqua courses are also designed to meet the needs of student teachers.

The summer schools, however, fill a real need. With the elevation of the standard of teaching as a profession, resting, as it does on the same liberal preparation as medicine, law and theology, the young college graduate of to-day desiring to pursue the profession of teaching is far better fitted, academically, than the college graduate of some years ago.

In New York City, the older teachers who are not college graduates and are ambitious and progressive, fit themselves for the higher places in the service, by year after year of summer school work. The University extension courses that are of a certain number of given hours and are terminated by a Regent's examination are accepted in lieu of regular college graduation by the Board of Education of New York City. There has certainly been a strong feeling among the experienced teachers that successful teaching experience is a far more valuable asset towards a higher position than a college diploma; but the authorities

have ruled otherwise; and although a lengthy and successful teaching experience does count, the academic preparation is the quicker, surer and safer route. The vacation schools now in session in the various large cities offer opportunities for work also. But it is not as attractive to the regular teachers, as it was before it was hinted that if the regular teachers were not too tired to seek regular employment in the summer time and thus be in the receipt of two salaries, salaries. The course in moral instruction suggested during the St. Louis Biennial at the conference on education will not be adopted speedily in New York City. The Board of Superintendents who control the pedagogical matters of the educational system have concluded that the ethical training which the children receive, incidentally, throughout the whole term of the school year is quite sufficient.

No one at the recent biennial of the General Federation was received with greater acclamation or listened to with more flattering interest than Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr, the great woman's college of Pennsylvania, a large portion of whose speech is given elsewhere in the magazine.

The most honored guest in Berlin at the Quinquennial of the Women's International Council was an American and a former teacher, Susan B. Anthony. All vied, the Court and the people, in showering honors upon this "grand old woman" who, when a teacher, made the first protest in public on the discrimination against a woman teacher speaking in public because of her sex. It was because that she, as a woman teacher, was not allowed to voice her sentiments at a Teachers' Institute or conference, some sixty years ago, that she entered upon that relentless campaign for equal rights, which she has since unceasingly waged. Her fidelity to her purpose has removed much of the prejudice against the public work and platform speaking of women; but has not as yet been crowned, as she desires so intensely, with equal political rights.

But She ———

By Mary Groome

The man was marrying for love.

As they came down the flower strewn aisle he was thrilling at the touch of her gloved hand that rested too lightly on his black sleeve.

The faint rustle of her skirt was the laughing of sweet water in his ear. The smell of the orange flowers almost intoxicated him if he turned that way ever so little.

But she——

She stood beside him, there before the priest and

wandering to those golden days, on up through the happy years.

They were lingering on a summer night as she—they—were coming down from the altar.

She could see the moon in the blue black sky, and smell the sweet roses there by the arbor—so sweet they were and they—he and she—had said so much to each other.

But her thoughts came to a cold winter day. There had been a long black casket and white rosebuds



those hundreds of eager faces and promised to love, honor, and serve him so long as they both should live. She felt the blood run cold through her veins, she shivered and wished she were dead and miles below the earth's surface. But she let the ring slip on her listless finger and promised. She was thinking of a black-eyed boy who used to bring her bird eggs and blackberries; one who shyly held her hand and looked so sweetly into her face—ah, dear God, so long ago, so long ago! And her thoughts kept wandering as she watched the tapers burning, flickering,

with the faint odor of camphor in the dimly lighted cold room where the man with the black eyes lay sleeping. She had fallen there and gone to sleep, too—her mind at least. Then after many days she knew that he would come no more.

It had been a long time, but—those roses made her quite faint and caused her to lean heavily on the arm of her husband, once, as they came down the flower-strewn aisle.

But that was sweet to the man, for he had married for love. But she——

Little Home Libraries for the Children

By Katherine Louise Smith

A FRUITFUL field for charitable work among women's clubs, libraries and philanthropic societies generally is the Home Library movement which was started a few years since in Boston. No more satisfactory method exists for the benefit of children, for it not only educates, but solves the problem of reaching all the children in a large city. Most of the success of the traveling library is due to women's clubs; and, though the work for children in the tenement district is only a part of this movement, it is as important as any.

To Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, Secretary of the Boston Children's Aid Society, must be given the credit for starting this unique movement. He had been connected with the Children's Aid Society but a short time when he was perplexed to find out what could bring him in direct contact with the children, and how their reading could be bettered. There were children's departments in the libraries, but they were at a distance from the children's homes and street car fare was a consideration. In this predicament Mr. Birtwell decided to form the neighborhoods into library groups, having a little bookcase made and asking some child as a great honor to become librarian.

A small bookcase was accordingly designed, made of whitewood, stained cherry color with glass doors and a Yale lock. It contained two shelves, one for books and the other for magazines. The whole thing was pleasing to the eye and, best of all, looked important to the children. Mr. Birtwell then asked his little friend, Rosa, on the north side, Barbara, on the south side, and Giovanni, at the east end, if they would like the libraries in their homes, and if they would act as librarians, their friends coming to them for books, if he occasionally replaced the reading matter. They welcomed this idea heartily, and under his guidance divided the neighborhood into library groups which proved the nucleus for the home library movement which flourishes to-day. Twenty-five dollars covers the expense of this unique experiment, buys the seventeen books, the subscription to the *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion* and child's newspaper, and furnishes any amount of pleasure to many children who would not otherwise have access to books. Nearly one hundred of these libraries are now in use to-day in Boston. Clergymen and charitable organizations usually suggest the names of children who would make good librarians, and the work is carried on in a systematic manner.

Inspired by Boston's success, social circles in New York and Albany began the same work; the Troy Unitarian Church took it up, and its success in this State was assured by the aid furnished by the New York University. Local conditions have been found to modify methods, but the basic principles are the same. After a library group is started usually a friendly visitor is found. She undertakes to place a library case stocked with books in the home of the child librarian, and the children who are to form the group are asked to meet on a certain day. Sometimes the friendly visitor is a librarian from the city library; at other times she is a social settlement worker. In her presence the books are given out and the library locked until her next visit, which will be the week following. Brooklyn and Chicago have undertaken the same idea in modified form, and it is proving a success and inspiration.

No more flourishing modification of the Home Library exists than at Pittsburg, where the Carnegie Library has long been noted for its painstaking efforts to interest children. In July, 1898, they began with a gift of four libraries and in six months this number was increased to a dozen. Though the essentials are the same as in other places, they differ in that they provide at least one book for the mother and the libraries are passed from one community to another. All this involves much work, as none but the best children's books are selected. They are strictly non-sectarian and a tiny catalogue is printed and made attractive with verses and sometimes pictures. The donors of these libraries have been, in many cases, influential persons who have named the libraries after some noted person or author. When the name is printed in large letters across the front the joy of the little librarian knows no bounds. If a few photographs are slipped in the whole community is bettered.

All children in Pittsburg who are benefited by these libraries belong to the Carnegie Home Library League, which entitles each member to a badge, an open book of white metal, silver-plated and inscribed with the name of the league. These badges are proudly worn and the children are personally interested in the maintenance and good keeping of the twenty or more little library cases which are in circulation. It has been found in many places that children frequently like books which they can translate to their parents, for, of course, much of this work

is among foreigners. Periodicals do not prove the attraction that books do as interest flags from month to month. If a few games are played at the appointed hour when books are drawn the whole affair seems a gala occasion. Authors and lotto seem particularly appropriate, as an insight is thus given in to the names and lives of writers.

The work is capable of so many modifications it is

strange it has not been more generally adopted by social settlements. The little home libraries are stocked with books telling of the lives of great men and with American histories. These are diversified with nature books and the Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the stories of Louisa Alcott. In every direction the work is more than repaying the efforts of projectors.



A Rose in the Dark

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

I know a blossomed rose is in the room;
For I can feel
The fragrance of its presence through the gloom
About me steal.

I reach and stumble, yet I do not find
The rose I seek;
Though I would press, while night's black shadows
blind,
Against my cheek.

Thus, in the dark, we grope to grasp a flower,
Life's mystery;
Full-blossomed now in earth's brief shadowed hour,
Could we but see.

Vouchsafed alone to sight of eyes death-sealed,
Glimmers and glows;
Beyond the guarded gates of Heaven revealed,
Life's perfect rose.



ON a hill rising from the Eastern shore of the Bosphorus lies Scutari, Asiatic Constantinople, once Chrisopolis, the Golden Land, so-called from the golden haze that clung to its fields and vineyards. It is a strange mixture, this half of the Sultan's citadel,—a blending of many races, customs, religions, languages, old and new methods, ancient and modern architecture. It is dirty and ill-kept near the water and for some distance above, but magnificent with palaces—the summer homes of Turkish nobles—on the heights beyond. To see it in all its

huge front gate opening on one of the narrowest and meanest of streets, is an American institution that is fast becoming a power in the social uplift of the Orient—a college for women, incorporated in 1890 by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and possessing an imperial irade from the Sultan of Turkey. This college was founded as a high school by a body of public-spirited women in Boston and its growth has been gradual and symmetrical, until at the present day its diploma is accepted by several of the leading universities of Europe. Here, working side by side, are



AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

picturesque squalor and poetic beauty one should approach it by the Mediterranean route, through the sea of Marmora and the harbor of the Golden Horn, where the flags of all nations are flying, and the domes and minarets on either hand recall the splendor of the Arabian Nights stories. There is old Stamboul with its mosques and minarets gleaming in the distance, and to the left the great golden bridge with the imperial palace not far above; there is the Bosphorus winding its length northward to be lost in the waters of the Black Sea; to the right Scutari, a heterogeneous mingling of colors—yellow, purple, crimson—and over all a luminous atmosphere that fairly dazzles the eye.

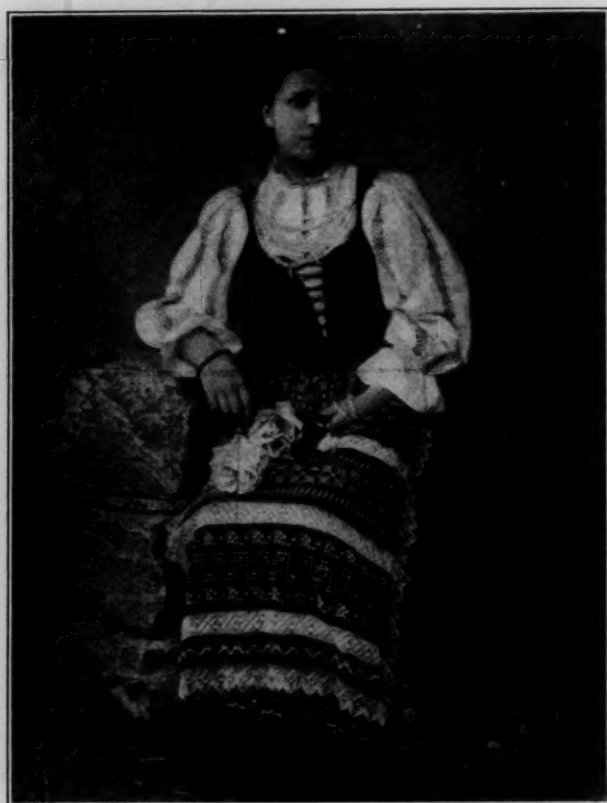
Half way up the hill, surrounded by a ten-foot wall of solid masonry, right in the midst of Scutari, its

young women from Greece and its northern neighbor, Albania; from the region of the Tigris and the Euphrates on the east, Egypt and Syria on the south, and Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria on the north.

One can hardly conceive how stupendous a task must be the unifying of so complex a pupilage, but the professors are from the best American colleges, the President and Dean are women of exceptional culture and long experience in educational work, while native men and women of superior ability fill the foreign language chairs. English is the language of the school, but French, German, Latin, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Slavic and Bulgarian are taught, while the other branches are very much the same as those pursued at the foremost women's colleges in America. The department of Philosophy and Ethics

is exceptionally fine, the young Eastern mind taking kindly to metaphysical speculation. It is stated that six paragraphs down to Kant, of a recent examination in philosophy at Princeton College, were given to this class at Scutari with hardly a failure in the responses. Graduates of the preparatory school can speak French and English, and have a very good knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, history and the elementary sciences. The college accepts the diplomas of the Greek and Bulgarian gymnasia for entrance into the Freshman class, but students from the Armenian, Turkish and other Eastern schools are obliged to take the college preparatory course, as these schools are not of a character to receive aca-

ried to a professor in the Imperial University of Constantinople. Many graduates of the college are holding responsible positions throughout the country, notably the official interpreter at Copenhagen, a young woman who was obliged to pass a difficult examination in five different languages to obtain the place.



A BULGARIAN STUDENT

demic recognition. The Bulgarian gymnasia are the best of all the Eastern preparatory schools, although Bulgaria is only twenty-five years old.

Most of the young women who enter the college do so to prepare for teaching in the various schools of their respective countries, but others are from homes of fashion and wealth. There were three daughters of Turkish pashas last year, the daughter of the Bulgarian Minister of War, of a prominent Greek banker and a noted Armenian educator. Three girls from the college were married to members of the Bulgarian Parliament last year. The only Mohammedan woman with the degree of Bachelor of Arts is a graduate of the American college, and not long ago she was mar-



THE GRADUATES OF 1903

The life in the college is very much the same as in similar institutions in the United States. There are tennis and basket ball in the grounds and it is a charming sight to watch these Oriental girls, always supple and graceful, taking part in the games. Indoors there are musicales, receptions, afternoon teas, club meetings, plays and farces, just as we find them at Vassar and Wellesley and Smith. The girls have a genius for acting, and the Greek Syllagos of the college and the French department have given several noteworthy productions. When large social affairs are given, the long salon and the library, two of the most beautiful rooms in the college, are thrown together and are decorated by the students, who do this sort of thing uncommonly well. The college is on very friendly terms with the best people of Constantinople and many social courtesies are exchanged. When Mohammedan women visit the school when other guests are present, however, they sit apart, veiled.

Members of the Faculty are sometimes entertained in the Turkish homes, where the day is spent in continual feasting with interludes of music. Coffee and crystal rose-leaves and coffee with rose-water are served as we serve tea in America and England. The Turkish woman loves luxury, and her guest finds herself almost buried in a heap of cushions before she has had time to compose herself. Said the Dean of the American College, "Sitting is the favorite occupation of both men and women, and from this love of graceful inertia probably arose the expression that one hears everywhere in Turkey, 'What street do you sit on?' instead of 'What street do you live on?' and truly, I believe that as they run for Congress in

America, and stand for Parliament in England, so in Turkey they 'sit' for the Porte."

The college is teaching lessons in democracy every day. The East with its centuries-old ideas of caste found it a little difficult at first to realize that the only aristocracy considered was that of intellect and character, but the beneficent results of this levelling policy are now generally recognized. The different races, too, brought into such close contact and speaking the common English language, are being mutually helped. It is no uncommon thing for a Persian girl to choose a French or Danish girl for her best friend, a Slavic girl a Greek, a German girl an Armenian, and so on.

There were four graduates last year—two Greeks, a German and an Armenian, and this year the eight

tional centers, its surroundings are most conducive to study and research. The art class frequently visits the Imperial Museum at Stamboul, where is to be found the best specimen of colored Greek sculpture in the world—the Alexander sarcophagus discovered at Sidon a few years ago. Hamdi Bey, a noted Turkish archeologist, is in charge of the museum. The many mosques are objects of attraction and the sea flora of the Bosphorus presents a bewildering variety of ever-changing beauty to the students of the art and nature classes. About a mile from the college, looking toward the brown Armenian hills, are the ruins of the old hospital where Florence Nightingale nursed the Crimean soldiers. Constantinople itself, both east and west, is rich in material for the would-be historian, sociologist, educator, artist and humani-



STUDENTS IN COSTUME FOR ANCIENT GREEK PLAY

graduates represent all types in the school except Turkish. One girl is a Bulgarian, so beautiful, that although not twenty years of age, her hand has been sought frequently, and the college has feared to lose her from year to year. The girls as a rule are pleasing to look upon, almost all of them having fine dark eyes and magnificent hair.

Their sense of humor is quick. Once at a Senior dinner a particularly brilliant girl was being toasted in an extravagant manner, and was finally called upon for a speech. Halide Edib, for such was her name, rose quietly and said: "Madame President and ladies: If I am to do all those wonderful things you have prophesied for me, I shall have need of all my mental energy and should not exhaust any of it on the present occasion. That I shall not disappoint you in the future, I beg you therefore to excuse me."

Barring this isolation of the college from educa-

tarian, and trips are made frequently to its principal places of interest, to familiarize the students with both the past and present of this "gateway of the world."

If one does not know Turkish in Constantinople, the language that would be of most service to him is French; but if one contemplates a residence of any length, the thing to do is to acquire a speaking knowledge of as many languages as possible. Nowhere else is the linguist in such demand. One day the President of the American College, Miss Mary Mills Patrick, in company with a friend, started for some point of interest in Scutari, but found it necessary to inquire the way. She addressed a man in five different languages, receiving only a shake of the head in response, and finally turned to her companion with the remark—"I don't believe he knows *any* language." "What!" said the man, "do you speak English?"

College ways have quite revolutionized Scutari in some respects, such as women riding horseback and on bicycles. An old Turk, with great pride of racial custom and respect for tradition, which in fact all Moslems retain, exclaimed the first time he saw a woman on a wheel: "Oh, that I should have lived to see this infamy." Of course the Turkish students do not indulge in such pastimes. When they leave the college campus their faces are veiled, for no difference how greatly one of them might desire to wear a hat "like other girls," the religion of their country is too rigid upon this point to be violated.

There is an energetic alumnae association of the American College with a central association in Constantinople and branch associations in Sophia, Philipopolis, Smyrna and the United States. The alumnae

has bought a piece of property worth \$3,000 for college use, and are actively interested in an endowment fund just started by the President, who is in the United States this year. A building for the Preparatory School is a special object, the one now used being an old tumble-down Turkish house, which, though picturesquely covered with wistaria and a most romantic object to gaze upon, lets in the wind and rain and interferes sadly with personal comfort.

That this splendid enterprise of American womanhood is wielding an enormous influence in just the way its promoters most desire, is attested by the words of Père Hyacinthe, who on visiting Constantinople remarked that while he was dreaming of a union of the nations of the East, this college on the Bosphorus had been quietly accomplishing his dream.



The Value of Hobbies

By Mrs. Elbridge T. Moore

DO we realize that the progress of the world through grand achievements is largely owing to so-called cranks and their hobbies?

These same cranks, if successful, later on are dignified with the title of "inventor" and "genius," and their "hobbies" are honored as great scientific and practical inventions. Hobby is defined by lexicographers as "any favorite object;" "that which a person pursues with zeal or delight." We must certainly, under this definition, include Marconi's marvelous wireless, to accomplish which he gave years of zealous thought, accompanied by numberless experiments. Over seas and land the wireless messages are sent, filling the world with astonishment. And what shall be said of Edison's hobby—to harness electricity in every possible manner, and out of the unseen to use its currents to advance the real interest and benefits of mankind? Heat and light are furnished to our homes; the continual and speedy transportation of the population of cities is of value not easily measured; the telegraph, telephone and phonograph, created and improved by this marvelous genius, we are hourly and daily depending on, yet

these were all once called hobbies, and Edison looked upon almost as a crank. If we were suddenly deprived of them, we would appreciate fully the value of "hobbies," for trade and commerce would be paralyzed and the world seem delegated to the condition of the Middle Ages. To meet the needs of humanity, inventors are continually exercising efforts and brains to provide for the demands.

Another hobby—the flying machine—is nearing practical perfection under the more dignified name of air-ship, which will classify it as one of the most wonderful inventions, and when that time arrives, which bids fair to be in the near future, man can boast of conquering land, oceans and the heavens above. The lexicographer is correct: the zealous pursuit of a hobby will finally triumph and prevail. (Of course, presupposing there is true merit as a foundation of the hobby.)

Such pursuit has built up our great cities, extended our trade and commerce to every part of the world, and since the days of Washington has made us one of the great nations of the earth.

All hail to hobbies!

The Reflections of a Daughter-in-Law

As Revealed in a Series of Letters to Her Girlhood Chum

By Mabel Potter Daggett

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1903.

MY DEAR LOUISE: Your letter came yesterday, and I want to be the first to congratulate you on the good news that it contained. It is lovely to be engaged. You just want to think about it and appreciate it all the time. For by and bye, of course, you'll be married.

Not that I mean to say that it isn't nice to be married—to your husband. For Reginald, as you know, is an angel, and living with him is even lovelier than it was to be engaged to him. Only, you see, when I was engaged, it was to him alone, and now that we are married, we seem to be closely related to several other persons beside ourselves.

Louise, by all the jolly times we had when we chummed and made chocolate fudge together at boarding school, let me impress it on you, don't marry anybody but your husband! Be firmly insistent from the start, that you won't. I'm simply advising you from my own experience. Keep as distantly related as you possibly can to your relatives-in-law, and by relatives-in-law I mean mostly mother-in-law. The distance, I assure you, will lend enchantment to both parties. On the other hand, closer intimacy will quite dispel any charm with which, by any chance, your common interest in the man in the matrimonial case may have invested each other.

For to tell you the solemn truth, Louise, a girl just can't do it. I've tried and I know. Can't like her mother-in-law, I mean. Having had one for six months, I realize what I am talking about. I have discovered what the thorn in the flesh that the Bible tells about is like.

Yet I remember very well a time when I used to sit in church and look across from our family pew to their family pew, and think what a lovely, sweet motherly face she had. But that was before Reginald began paying attention to me. Her face looks different now, at least it does when she looks at me. And you know, Louise, I am not so bad to look at, either. At any rate, so I have been led to believe from what Reginald and a few other men have told me.

I think I know just when she began to seem not so nice as I had always thought her. Not that the incident troubled me particularly at the time, but in the light of the last six months its meaning is luminous. I was wearing a pink organdie gown that was par-

ticularly becoming to me, especially with the picture hat that went with it, and had roses, red roses all around the brim. You remember the hat, Louise, for we had them alike, and Ned Summers told me, the first time I wore mine, that I was the prettiest thing he ever had seen, and the next night when he had you out riding and you wore your red rose hat, he told you the same thing, about yourself I mean, not about me.

Well, as I started out to say, I was wearing that hat and gown on the occasion of which I am telling you. Reginald had escorted me to church, and it was the second, no, the third time, I believe, that he had committed the offense. I use the word "offense" advisedly, because that, I am led to infer, was the light in which my mother-in-law that now is regarded it at the time. The doxology was over, and the congregation in a low hum of conversation had burst the bonds of its Sunday sanctity and resumed its normal week-a-day frame of mind. Swept along in the rustling tide of good clothes and friendly gossip, Reginald and I had reached the door at the same time that the stream from the opposite side of the vestibule brought his mother and father there. His father, the General, just said, "Good evening, young people," with a real friendly smile. He has that smile yet, by the way, even if I am his daughter-in-law, only it is still more kindly, and he always calls me "little girl" when he speaks to me. But fathers-in-law are different from mothers-in-law, I think. Mine is, I am sure.

But to return to that night at church. I was about to repeat what Reginald's mother said. She looked at my pink organdie gown and my picture hat and most of all at me, as if, well as if her woman's intuition grasped the situation. I guess it did. Then she remarked slowly: "It seems, it seems, my dear, that there is some attraction, after all, which can induce Reginald to attend divine service."

She put the emphasis on the "is." Read it that way yourself, and notice how very irritating it sounds.

My face went pink, pinker than my gown, I know. I didn't say anything. But Reginald replied in a cheerful voice, "Well, mother, isn't that what you have been trying to get me to do this long time?"

I didn't know then, but I am wiser now, very, very much wiser, and I have come to realize that this, apart

from the future complications which she so accurately foresaw, was exactly why she did not like it. For I have noticed that she cannot bear to have me influence Reginald in any way that she cannot herself. Why, my dear girl, it's the actual truth that she would even hate to see Reginald go to Heaven if I, and not she, were responsible for getting him there.

Well, as I was saying, that was the occasion on which I first began to find out that Reginald's mother was not so nice as she had appeared during the years of my childhood and girlhood, as I had watched her from the opposite side of the church. I suppose, perhaps, she is not the only exception. Many people may not be so nice at home as they are in church. The religious light that filters through stained glass windows, I have come to believe, has a wonderful effect on faces. But at any rate, Reginald's mother is the most conspicuous example of this illusion that has come within the horizon of my experience.

Her little disagreeable peculiarities became more and more frequently manifest as my acquaintance with Reginald progressed. Not everybody else could see them. My own sister couldn't. I know more than once when I called her attention to the little shafts that were aimed at me, Lou replied, "Nonsense, Nan, the woman doesn't mean anything by that!"

But she did and she does mean things, and I flatter myself that I'm not so dull as to miss the meanings. Once, at a tea, where mother and I met her the week before my engagement was announced, she began talking about the disastrous results of flirtations between young people. Good heavens! she need not have been so serious. I wasn't flirting, and I'm sure Reginald was not, though I guess she has often enough since wished that we both had been.

I might go on and tell you much more along this same line, my dear Louise, but it just occurs to me that you may not be in need of the warning instruction after all. Possibly your fiancé may be happily orphaned, so that you are altogether delivered from the mother-in-law menace. I fervently hope for your sake that it may be so. Write and let me know, dear.

Yours most faithfully,

NAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1903.

MY DEAR LOUISE: So a mother-in-law cloud does hover over your future happiness, and you have written right back to "know all." Well, then, I'll tell you at length more about mine, for I am quite sure that she represents the species and you may be able to benefit by my experience.

To begin with the time since she has really been my mother-in-law, her attitude and mine about Reginald have been diametrically opposed from the start. This,

too, in spite of the fact that we both love him dearly. At least I love him that way. And to give even a mother-in-law her due, I must admit that she thinks she does. Starting with this happy premise, the uninitiate observer like you yourself, my dear, I suppose might think that the happiest possible conclusions should be reached. But the uninitiate observer who has such beautiful unsophisticated thoughts has never been either a daughter-in-law or a mother-in-law.

The trouble is this: My mother-in-law and I look upon Reginald from such exactly opposite viewpoints, and she cannot reconcile herself to the situation. She has had a chance to apply all the theories she likes in bringing him up as a son. Now it is my turn. I have my theories about training Reginald as a husband and I intend to apply them. But sons and husbands, my dear, it seems don't go at all by the same rule. At least my mother-in-law's son and my husband don't, or at any rate she thinks that they don't. For I never apply a rule but that she manifests her disapproval. It is all because of the narrow vision through which she looks on Reginald. To her his most important relationship in life is being her son. And she refuses to see a husband in him at all. Or, if she ever does admit it to herself privately, she regards him as only incidentally a husband. I suppose that once she must have been a daughter-in-law herself. But it was so long ago that she has forgotten all about how it feels, I am convinced. I often look at her and wonder if she did not have theories about the General that conflicted with her mother-in-law's theories about him. There are times when I am even positive that it was so. For, in reciting any little incident of family history, when she has had occasion to refer to "Mother Hobson" (Mother Hobson was Reginald's paternal grandmother), there has come a strained hardness to her voice and a metallic glitter to her eyes, even after all these years. I cannot help knowing what those symptoms mean. I have them myself. They are the infallible signs of relative-in-law feeling. I have noticed them in every woman of my acquaintance. It is simply the way that a woman most naturally takes of freeing her mind about her husband's family. And she says a thousand more things in these peculiar vocal inflections than she might put into twice the number of words. Unless you are delivered from the trouble that threatens you, you will do so yourself some time, my dear. It is a finely characteristic feminine trait, I believe. And it always reminds me of the claws that a purring pussy cat has concealed beneath her soft velvet paws.

But there, I have wandered from the point. You and I are not concerned with Reginald's mother as the daughter-in-law that she must have been. Per-

sonally, I am most interested in her as the mother-in-law that she is.

As I was saying, what makes the friction that has worn away any potential family regard that might otherwise have existed between us, is our divergent conceptions about Reginald. My mother-in-law thinks that everybody ought to be doing things for Reginald all the time. Now I don't. Even with my limited experience, I know that is just the way to spoil a husband. This, by the way, is a truth, my dear, that you will do well to remember. You may find it useful some day yourself.

To continue what I started to say, in my capacity as Reginald's wife, I believe in having Reginald do things for me, not merely because I like to be waited on—though I do, just as every other woman does—but because a wife who keeps a man as much in her service after she marries him as before, retains him as *her* slave instead of becoming *his*. And devoted as I am to Reginald, I have no intention of becoming the dear boy's slave. He asked to be mine. Those were his very words. "Let me be your slave for life, sweetheart," and he was fairly wild with joy when I finally said "Yes."

So I maintain that Reginald's position is exactly what he aspired to. He is perfectly satisfied with it and always will be if I can manage to intercept the little currents of meddlesome outside influence that menace the stability of our happiness.

At the wedding, when the ceremony was finished and the clergyman stepped aside to allow the people to come up and say nice things, my mother-in-law's first words of greeting to me as a newly grafted branch on the family tree were, "We hope that you are going to make Reginald very happy, my dear."

You undoubtedly heard her say it yourself, and probably you, along with all the rest of the people, thought that it sounded very sweet. I do not remember that it particularly impressed me otherwise. But now, with my added wisdom, I can see that it was the key-note to my mother-in-law's ideas on the training of a daughter-in-law. She thinks that it should be my whole purpose to make Reginald happy. Well, now, of course, I expect to make Reginald happy. But I also have a wee little bit of a longing to be happy myself and to leave Reginald a chance to make me so. My mother-in-law thinks that I simply need to exist, that there is no excuse for me to indulge in being happy, and that Reginald can be better and more profitably employed than in contributing to that end. Therefore, when Reginald brings me flowers, she remarks, with a lifting of her eyebrows, "Aren't roses dreadfully expensive at this time of year?" And when we start for the opera, she says to him in deeply sympathetic tone, "Indeed, another evening of music, my dear, and it does bore you so!"

"You know, my dear," in explanatory aside to me, "Reginald always would rather prefer to remain at home with his pipe and a magazine than to hear the greatest prima donna that ever sung in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Now, the enjoyment of personal comfort is a conspicuous masculine weakness, I have observed. Sympathy for the infringement of it is the surest mark of appreciation that can be extended to any man. And condolences of this nature, my mother-in-law is very quick to offer Reginald whenever the opportunity appears. Reginald has a lovely disposition, and he is not spoiled so easily as most men, I believe. But, all the same, I know that it is not good for him to be encouraged in the idea that he is abused every time that he shows me any little attention at the sacrifice of his personal comfort. Reginald, of course, never intimates that he is abused. But Reginald's mother does, as I have pointed out. And I am sufficiently a believer in mental suggestion to respect its dangers. Besides, no woman likes to be sympathized *against* by another woman. This, too, seems to be a particularly common and a particularly aggravating mother-in-law tactic. I have noticed it in other instances besides my own.

In looking over what I have just written, I fear that you may think that I am pessimistic in some of the things that I have said. I assure you I am not. I am only truthful. And in conclusion I want to say that any girl who can live in the same house in sweet communion with her mother-in-law is a saint. In any event, the golden opportunity of becoming a saint is hers, for she is surely a martyr. Don't offer yourself up on the altar as either, my dear Louise, is the prayer of

Your affectionate

NAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1903.

MY DEAR LOUISE: I have some news that I really must tell you. We have made a change in our domestic arrangements that is most auspicious. Reginald and I have set up our own Lares and Penates, and are housekeeping by ourselves. Don't let anything prevent you from beginning that way yourself at the very start. It's the only way to escape, even slightly, the martyrdom of which I wrote you in my last.

I had given the matter careful thought, and while I knew very well that my mother-in-law could not undermine me in my husband's affections, I was averse to giving her the satisfaction of trying it. I therefore determined that we should get a flat. When I told Reginald how perfectly lovely I could cook—I learned, you know at cooking school—he thought that it would be nice, too. Of course, I didn't tell him the real reason why I was determined on the change.

That was not necessary, and it would not have been diplomatic. It is quite often best, Louise, not to tell a man real reasons, because—well, because he wouldn't understand. Reginald would not have understood in this case. For disagreeable as his mother is, he cannot see it. Once he said to me in a vaguely puzzled way, "Nan,—er—sometimes it almost seems to me as if you and mother didn't exactly hit it off well together, and I cannot see why, either, for you are the two dearest women in the world."

I laughed off the remark by replying, "Why, what a silly notion to get into his darling old head," and he seemed satisfied. That again was diplomacy, my dear Louise. For while I let Reginald's mother show quite plainly that she does not love me, not for the world would I advertise the fact that I do not love her. Reginald would only think that I showed very poor taste. He now thinks that his mother does.

I find that I made just one mistake about my flat. I did not get it far enough away, but that my mother-in-law comes frequently to see us. My cooking, I said, was lovely, and it is. But she pretends not to think so. Only the last time she was here, she remarked, "You certainly have those attacks of dyspepsia oftener than you used to, Reginald. You and Nan must come home and spend next week, and proper food, I think, will put you in better condition."

Reginald protested that he felt as well as usual, but in deference to his mother's wishes accepted her invitation and said he would go. I said nothing, but when "next week" came, I promptly took to my bed with a nervous headache. I am still keeping that headache ready for action at a moment's alarm. I do not intend to leave my happy home for my mother-in-law's this week or next week or any other week.

But, of course, in due time she will inevitably come to visit us again. I am dreading it because I know she will have something disagreeable and unpleasant to say about my tea gown. It is an expensive one. I meant that it should be, because I am fond of good things. But I can foretell to an exact nicety how she will spend the evening after Reginald comes home in a dissertation on thrift and economy. The General will be here, too, and the dear old man will try to soften the asperity of her comment. But it won't do a particle of good. The last time that she went on so, I remember that he said: "There, there, Virginia, let the young folks have a good time while they can. They can save in the years that are coming, when they will have lost the happy faculty of caring to spend."

You would think, Louise, that in the matter of clothes I might be allowed the freedom of my own choice. But my mother-in-law thinks otherwise. she will find fault with the tea gown, not only because it is expensive, but because it is yellow. "Nan,"

she said to me one day, "you shouldn't wear such gay gowns now that you are an old married woman."

Now I am twenty-five, and I can't help it. I am married and I can't help that. But I still like pretty clothes as well as I did before either of those things came to pass. I shall go serenely on my way buying them and wearing them, and I told my mother-in-law so.

Moreover, she disapproves of my taste not one whit more than I disapprove of hers. She gave me a bed-quilt that I must tell you about. It had in it the most horrid combination of colors you ever saw; some sort of a vivid pink and a deep purple. The thing annoyed me so that it kept me awake nights. I positively couldn't sleep under it. So I put it on the maid's bed. As fate would have it, my mother-in-law, in prying about the flat, found it there. Over what followed I draw the veil of silence. Suffice it to say that my mother-in-law has not presented me with any more bedquilts, and I don't think that she ever will.

It seems very inconsistent, but as much as my mother-in-law is inclined to humor Reginald in some respects, there are certain points on which she is adamant, and thinks I ought to be, too. The case particularly in point is about his smoking in the house. The first time she visited us here she happened to find the parlor quite blue with tobacco clouds. She didn't reprove Reginald, but she turned to me with, "Why, Nan, I am surprised that you permit it. I never did. The General has never been allowed to smoke in the house, not once since he married me. It ruins draperies and curtains. No tidy housewife can tolerate it."

Well, I didn't say much in reply. I could afford not to. I just went quietly along, letting Reginald smoke in peace, however, and I smile softly to myself in triumph every time that I think about it. The extremity of my mother-in-law's indulgence became my opportunity. I with deliberate intention took advantage of it. Reginald, from the start, has had *carte blanche* from me about smoking. For, by some subtle intuition, I have come to know that a man never forgives the woman who nags nor forgets the woman who condones.

After thinking over carefully the many points on which my mother-in-law and I differ in our domestic policy and every other policy, I am certain, Louise, that the faults which she finds it is so easy to discover in me are but variations of one fundamental fault, namely, that I married Reginald. Any other girl who might have committed the same error, if she had had the chance, would have been in the eyes of my mother-in-law the same imperfect piece of femininity. Now, when she couldn't possibly have married him herself, I can't see why she need be so selfish about him. Why, the girl doesn't live whom she would have been

satisfied to have for Reginald's wife. She has told me about all the girls that ever glanced at Reginald—and there were a good many—"So you see, my dear, what an honor it was to secure Reginald," she said to me one day.

Now, I didn't secure Reginald. He secured me. And if his mother only knew how many times I refused him before I accepted him, it might rid her of the notion that the honor was all on one side. I think I'll tell her some day.

Looking down the years, I am wondering if ever I shall be a mother-in-law. I suppose it is possible. And I suppose if I am one, that I shall feel as all

mothers-in-law gone before have felt, I frankly admit it. For it seems to be in the nature of feminine things that two women should not be able to love one man and each other at the same time.

But there, my dear girl, I shall not need to tell you any more about mothers-in-law. For your wedding cards have just arrived, and I see that you will soon be investigating the phenomenon on your own account. I only hope that I may have dropped some philosophic hints that will help you.

With the best of wishes for your success and happiness in the new venture, I remain,

Your old chum,

NAN.



The Question

Do you recall the question that I asked you?
That day we took the cool dim, woodland way,—
Only we two, apart from gay companions,
Who on the greensward kept blithe holiday?

Do you recall the question that I asked you?
The breezes died around us as I spoke,
And in your eyes' swift, upward glance I seemed to
Behold a startled dream my voice awoke.
Do you recall the question that I asked you,—
Impulsive, brief, as one who might not wait
The measured march of Opportunity,—
That old, old question, "*Is my hat on straight?*"

L. W. M.



Lords of Creation Under the Lens

By "A Modern Era"

"Man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd—

* * * * *

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."—SHAKESPEARE.

Man as a Reasoning Being

IF there is any one power upon the possession of which man prides himself it is upon his reasoning faculty. By this he means that he invariably subjects all facts and events to the test of inexorable logic, that his conclusions are deduced from carefully verified premises, and that his intellect rules supreme over his intuition and imagination.

Since a reasonable being is one free from prejudice, excessive emotion and superstition, with a judgment quick to decide between the sensible and the absurd, between fact and fiction, a study of the results of man's exercise of this wonderful faculty cannot fail to be instructive and inspiring.

Because masculine beliefs are declared to be founded on pure reason, the scientific convictions entertained by man through the centuries may be adduced as noble examples of his logic. And what wonder is awakened at the accurate judgment that pronounced the sun the chariot of a god drawn by horses with real tails? what admiration is aroused at the weighty arguments that led to the conclusions that the heavens were enclosed in a crystal sphere, that the sun revolved around the earth, that the moon and stars were hung out nights by the angels who also occasionally upset the tank in which the rain was kept and that the earth was a flat disk or table, that the sky rested on the mountains, that the East and West were doors through which the sun came and went and the rain an upper ocean. Equally marvelous from a reasonable standpoint was the belief once prevalent that the universe was a house, with hell in the cellar, the firmament being the ceiling of the earth and the floor of heaven from which the sun, moon and stars were suspended by the seraphim, who from time to time pulled up the floor or opened trap doors and let the rain pour through?

What would be imagination in woman, namely the solemn assertion by a prominent male writer that he had been the two poles on which the heavens turned as on axletrees, is the sublime reason of man. Nor can the rejection by man of absurdities be better proved than by the fact that Lucretius gained cre-

dence for his idea that the body consisted of several coats like those of an onion, and that the outmost and thinnest was detached by death and wandered about the earth; or by authors' descriptions of animals like the ant lion, the dragon, the phoenix born of flame and accustomed to rise every 500 years from its own ashes, of the basilisk that killed serpents with its glance and snakes that laid aside their venom before drinking?

In religion as in science the reason of man has been grandly displayed. How inspiring to read of the highest dignitaries of the church arguing for days over the vital question as to the number of angels that could stand on the point of a needle; how enlightening to the mind to be informed that the universe was created instantaneously, and yet in six days, and how remarkable the good sense of the conviction that comets were balls of fire thrown about by an angry deity, or were "flying hells" in which the souls of the wicked were imprisoned! What magnificent intellectual acumen is found in the ecclesiastic reasoning: "There are three numbers, the more than perfect, the perfect, and the less than perfect, six being the perfect number. Therefore, say not that six is perfect because the universe was completed in that time, but that the universe was made in six days because six is a perfect number."

While science and theology demonstrate man's good judgment as to the absurd and the imaginary, witchcraft shows how quick men have been to reject superstition. How transcendently acute those legal and judicial minds were that accepted as legitimate testimony at the trials of witches such allegations as "I saw a black cat enter her window and I knew it was the devil in disguise;" "She made clay effigies of her enemy and his ship and he were shipwrecked;" "He caused his victim to vomit fire and pins;" "She threw the boy into fits and while in convulsions he kept calling her name;" "This mother gave her child an imp in the form of a mole and told him to keep it in a tin can;" "The old woman quarreled with the merchant and that night his son fell sick;" "This boy

of ten says that he saw two dogs in a field and on approaching them they turned into a woman and a girl."

And how indicative of good sense were the tests for witches applied by men such as weighing the former in scales with church Bibles, swimming them in rivers, sticking pins in their flesh and twisting cords about their heads. These actions, reinforced by books written on the subject and lectures on the reality of the evil, illustrate the operations of man's unbridled mental powers.

But woman must not be overlooked, for it is about her that man reasons without feeling or prejudice. From the time the first male arguer denied her a soul, through her evolution from an ignorant drudge to an intelligent individuality, man has strewn her pathway with gems of brilliant reasons why she should not progress.

In connection with her education we find these telling points: "It is immodest for woman to learn;" "Women will use the alphabet only to spell out the word 'amo';" "If women are permitted to read Sophocles and work logarithms, there will end sewing and embroidery;" and "Education will be as fatal to a woman as vice."

On woman speaking in public, male orators reasoned thus: "As well throw yonder beautiful pillar in the dirt as drag down woman to the common plane of life with ourselves;" "No matter how fine her rhetoric and logic might be, I would rather follow a daughter of mine to the grave than have her deliver an address in public."

Against the entrance of woman into the professions and industries many howls of male reason are yet heard, and a choice bit comes from England: "This woman lawyer may not be admitted to the bar because no woman ever has been, and it would establish a precedent."

Woman's voting calls forth numerous wonderful specimens of logic, among them the prophecy that upon acquiring the ballot women will leave their homes en masse and the land will be filled with the execrations of deserted husbands and the wailings of abandoned babies.

Thus science, theology, demonology, and "womanology" unite to impress the student with the infallibility of male reason, to show woman what a superior faculty she lacks and to cause both sexes to thrill with a profound reverence for logic's mysterious workings and results.

O. W. H.

Reflections

The nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and the nearest way to his temper is through his pocketbook.

In youth a man often desires a son to bear his name, in middle-age he often desires a daughter to help him to forget that same son.

Men rate a woman at the value she places on herself.

Mercenary spirituality is sad indeed, but as long

as men pay the pew rents, no matter to what extent women crowd the pews, sermons as now will be addressed exclusively to the masculine stragglers who have wandered in to enjoy their Sunday naps.

One thing makes a man's tact glaringly conspicuous—its absence.

The way a man describes business deals to his wife would make his male associates wonder and wonder whether they have not entertained a business prodigy unawares.



Joy After Pain

The blacksmith's door stood open wide,
I heard the anvil ringing;
Then looking in I saw the blows
That caused the rhythmic singing.

So, oft in life, a bitter pain
That comes from deepest sorrow,
Rings from the heart a soft refrain
Of thankfulness, to-morrow.

CAROLINE WEBSTER D. RICH.

In a Garden Historic

By Jessie Juliet Knox

"SOME flowers are lovely only to the eye, but others are lovely to the heart; others again are lovely to the soul."

In the picturesque old town of Monterey, California, and far from the glamour of the shut-out world, and the noise of its commerce, dwells the Señorita Maria Ygnacia Bonifacio—General Sherman's old sweetheart. Every day in the year she has callers from all over the world, who come to see her and her historic rose tree and garden. When life was young, and she loved General Sherman, and he was about to go away from Monterey, she gave him a rose—Rosa de Oro (rose of gold), and he planted it in her garden, telling her that he would return when the rose bloomed, but he never returned, says the legend. She still lives all alone in the old adobe home of her ancestors, and the famous rose tree has grown to gigantic proportions; and this sweet and gracious lady lives on, with her memories, and her garden historic.

It is with a joy at the mere beauty of nature that we felt the light of a cloudless day beat as with a million pulses all around us as we entered the gate in the old adobe wall which surrounds the house and garden. The stillness of an eternal Sunday lay upon the place like a benediction, and we seemed to listen to the marvelous silence and let its peace descend into our very souls. After the Señorita had conducted us through the quaint old Spanish home we emerged from the cool shade of the adobe dwelling and noted with more rapture than ever before how softly blue was the sky, and we entered the garden and felt as if it were the garden of a dream. It was clear and tranquil, and fresh, as if newly washed with rain, for here the flowers bloom all the year long, and their smile does not cease in any season to gladden the heart of the one who tends them as gently and lovingly as a mother would care for her only child. . . . It was so like the old-fashioned gardens of one's childhood, and we stood there feeling the same rapture of delight we used to feel when a child, and the years fell from us like a cloak, and once again the world was full of hope and beauty. Once again we became the friend and companion of the goddess Flora. Softly the sun touched the lilies, and then the blossoms, and the green lowliness of the gentle vines; and all above us was in a glow of new-born radiance, while all beneath the leaves was still dreamily dusk and cool. Great pear trees, almost a hundred years old, made cool the long, low piazza, and their snowy petals fell around us like snow, adding perfume to

the air, and giving nectar to a myriad bees who were humming over the blossoms and all the countless flowers. We lovingly greeted our old friend the larkspur, which formed the little wreaths of childhood; the columbine, drooping its pretty head, and the poppy, lifting to the breeze her vivid chalice of dreams and sleep.

And here were pinks: not the aristocratic and patrician ones who live in hot houses, and, indeed, live out of doors, for that matter, in California gardens. No—no—these are the sweet and modest denizens of another garden, far adown the past,—the little border pinks. How deliciously spicy they smell, as they nod in a coquettish way to their old friend and neighbor, Sweet William, with its bearded petals, and who still retains its place alike in the garden of palace and cottage. Here, too, the lily in its different forms reared its stately head, and seemed proud to furnish its snowy beauty for the Señorita to lay upon the altar at Eastertide in the old Mission San Carlos, whose bells were chiming near by.

The timid lily of the valley also peeped shyly up at us, adding its dreamy fragrance to the place. . . . Both the purple and the white lilac waved their fringed plumes over their friends of smaller stature. . . . The shy wall-flower nestled in the crannies of the old stone wall and helped to beautify the rough stone.

Of course, we found our old friend, the hollyhock, in such a garden, and social little clusters of the bell-shaped primrose, spreading its lowly beauty at the sides of the walk, and glancing curiously at the gaudy robe of the delicate phlox near by. The bold peony flaunted its pink petals proudly in a garden bed, while the lavender wafted us a kiss of aromatic fragrance, and was only biding the time when it should be ripened sufficiently to be transformed by the deft fingers of the Señorita into beautiful fans—lavender sticks and pillows. . . .

Gay tulips swung their bright, satiny bells, and glanced in scorn upon the modest forget-me-not, who bloomed in profusion with its myriad eyes of blue. . . . Daffodil and narcissus—gaudy sunflowers and zinnias,—all were there, and many more, and one laughed with delight at once more meeting these old friends. *Especie de amarante* (love lies bleeding) seems, indeed, a fitting flower to bloom in the garden of the Señorita.

The patches of grass were blue with the modest violet, and one's senses were fairly intoxicated with

the chaos of bewildering perfume. Everything was blowing and glowing, and the little birds reigning supreme, swaying and trilling on the pear trees, whose branches waved against a radiant sky.

The white sexagons of the Star of Bethlehem gleamed at our feet—an old dog slept on the stones—and the cool moist creepers clung and climbed about the chimneys of the old home.

But the queen of this old-fashioned garden was the "rose of gold," whose throne was upon the picturesque old adobe wall, over whose whitewashed stones little lizards gleamed like emeralds, and the birds in their nests within the sanctity of its odorous recesses flew spinning up into the air, sometimes flying straight into the sky, as if on errands into heaven. It was the loveliness of a dream world.

"The silence weaves its tender spell, sweeter than song.
Around, high up, the soft clouds dwell in moveless throng."

Like Goethe of old, we listened to what the vines

told us, and saw the leaves glisten and the roses smile.

We lingered long, loath to leave the place whose dreamy and exquisite silence was almost pathetic, when one reflected upon former years in that garden, and of soft summer nights in the past, when the queen rose seemed only to breathe of love. When at last we felt that we must leave this old garden the sun had almost disappeared behind the purple of the pines, and the little clouds were a tender pink, and the hills that at noon-tide were sweet and fair with all the colors of the opal and the emethyst were now mysterious with weird shadows, and all was silence and peace.

Out on the sea, which ripples so near the old garden, the mists were creeping up, and the sails of the fishing boats had turned brown with shadows.

. . . A flock of wild geese flew homeward against the sky, and—the old garden slept.

A Wood Dream

Here in the sunlit silence of the woods
The world is banished far, and farther still
The tumult of the heart-deep peace doth kill
Its surging arguments; these solitudes
Are like the soul's shut house, where none intrudes.
Here haunting breezes sweet with th' tang of fern—
Drawn from afar lands our eyes cannot discern—
Are singing preludes to more perfect moods.
Here in dusk-chambers, by the woodland screened,
The heart finds sanctuaries, mystic, fair,
Wherein to break the precious vase of prayer,
And hear such music as the soul ne'er dreamed.
The vibrant woods! God's unspoiled gift to men,
Placed by His hand, are Nature's diadem!

MINNIE FERRIS HAUENSTEIN.



The Butterflies' Ball

By Adelaide Westcott Hatch

Introducing the Action Song—"Butterfly Fairies"

Arranged for Eight or Sixteen Little Girls and a Queen

THE costume should be the regulation fairy costume of tarlatan, liberally spangled. The colors may vary to suit the taste of the producer, but it will be found effective to dress two of the little girls in yellow throughout, including yellow underwear, which should consist of cambric bloomers, ruffled with tarlatan, cambric skirt with deep flounce of tarlatan, yellow hose and slippers—the slippers may be old ones gilded, with tarlatan rosettes on the toes. The wings are formed of wire and covered with tarlatan, liberally spangled. Two of the girls should wear black throughout, as described above; two, yellow dresses over black underwear, and two black dresses over yellow underwear. By all means have the hose and slippers match, as it ruins the effect to use black slippers and yellow hose, or vice versa. If sixteen girls are used, dress four in each color.

DRILL.

Music.—"The Butterfly Dance," by Theo. Bonheur.

Fig. 1. Enter from all the available entrances, running lightly and swiftly on the toes. Form into a large circle facing by couples. Take hold of sides of skirt and make a low minuet or Butterfly bow to partner. Be sure that all step to the side with the right foot in making the bow. All whirl half around and bow, this time stepping to the left. Whirl three-fourths around so that all will face center of stage in a circle and bow.

Fig. 2. All following the leader run once around the stage in a circle. All turn once around in place by hopping on the left foot in time to the music. Hold the skirt out with left hand, and the right hand over the head with the arm gracefully curved. All face in opposite direction, and run once around the stage. Turn once around in place as described above.

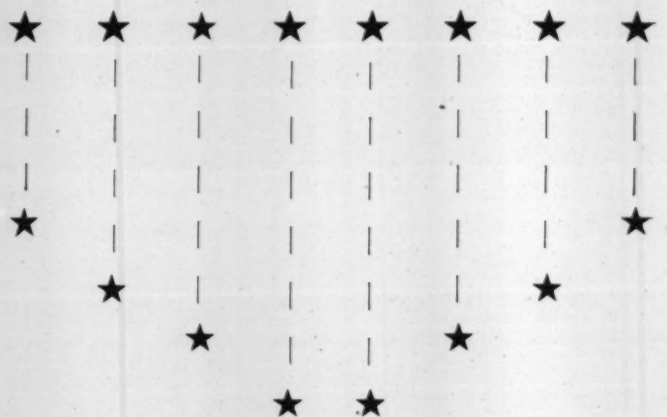
Fig. 3. The leader, on reaching the center back of stage, runs forward to foot-lights, followed by others. Turn left and describe a half circle to center back of stage.

Fig. 4. Down stage to foot-lights, turn right and describe a half circle to center back of stage.

Fig. 5. Down stage to foot-lights. Turn alternately to right and left, forming two files that run up sides of stage and meet to form a straight line across back of stage.

Fig. 6. With heel and toe polka step, the line dances forward as follows: The two girls in the cen-

ter dance forward, commencing with the right foot. When the movement begins again with the right foot, the girls at each side of the center girls start forward; as the movement begins again with the right foot, the next two start forward and so on, all dancing forward in turn as described until the two center girls reach the front of stage. (See diagram.)



All turn once around in place by hopping on right foot, and at the same time kicking gracefully with the left toe, keeping it close to the right ankle. Turn around once in the opposite direction, hopping on left foot.

Fig. 7. All kneel and pose from right to left by moving the body gracefully from one side to the other, and at the same time moving the arms in graceful circles, continue this movement to end of strain. All rise.

Fig. 8. The girls at front lead off right and left with running step around the stage, followed by others. On meeting at center-back the first couple runs to front right-hand corner of stage; the second couple to front left-hand corner of stage; the third couple to left of first couple, and fourth couple to right of second couple. This brings all into a straight line across front of stage, ready for the song, "Butterfly Fairies." If sixteen girls are used they may stand in two rows so arranged that those in the back may be seen between those in the front row. The girls should stand far enough apart to allow plenty of room for action. The words of the song are so suggestive of pretty gestures that it is hardly necessary to describe them. The eight or sixteen girls sing the first verse in unison. The chorus may also be sung in unison if desired.

Fig. 9. At close of chorus after first verse, face by couples and make a low Butterfly bow to partners, in one measure. All face in opposite direction,

and bow in one measure. Whirl once around and bow to audience. Separate at center, and move back in oblique lines to side of stage with low bows, stepping back with each bow instead of to the side. The girls at each end of the line are the pivots, and simply bow in place as the inside girls move back. Of course, those in the center take the longest steps.

Fig. 10. Enter the Fairy Queen, on a long tremolo chord, running lightly on her toes. She makes a low bow to the right, one to the left, whirls once around and bows to the audience. The Queen sings the second verse as a solo. On the chorus the girls run forward into a half circle, just back of her. After the chorus, if desired, the Queen may do a solo dance, in which case the others should trip to back of stage and

stand in a large half circle. At close of her dance she skips off stage.

Fig. 11. All face in one direction and skip once around the stage in a circle, one couple stopping opposite each of the four corners of the stage.

Fig. 12. Throughout this figure the girls should run swiftly instead of taking the customary step of a quadrille. Also notice that the figures are performed from the corners instead of across stage. Otherwise the regular figures of a quadrille are used. After the Grand Right and Left, couples join hands and skip once around stage in a circle. Four couples join right hands in center and skip once around in a circle. Join left hands and skip once around. Unclasp hands and skip once more around stage by couples and exeunt.



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THE Judgment Seat

Ida M. Batchelor

"By the Fireside." Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." McClure, Phillips & Co.

Among the many new books which have been issued this year, "By the Fireside" is one that is uplifting and delightful. In large cities the hotel and hotel apartment are enemies to the true idea of home, and the spirit of the times is toward organization and consolidation—of an aggregate of homes which is sure to destroy the simplicity and harmony of the family and fireside. Mr. Wagner brings out all that is practical and sympathetic in the family relation and presents many ideas that are helpful to the reader. Every phase of the home is taken up—from the roof tree to the order in the house. Chapter VIII is particularly useful. The author depicts the period when men and women have outlived their apparent usefulness: "The epoch of sharp competition and frantic struggle in which we live is extremely hard on old age. . . . In the world of action old age is looked upon as an insuperable defect. Beyond a certain age it becomes difficult to find anything to do. To suggest that an orator, writer, or an artist is losing his distinction, people say *he is getting old.*" The interesting details along these lines appeal with forceful pathos to the lovers of home.

"The Woman Errant." Being some chapters from the Wonder Book of Barbara, the Commuter's Wife. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

The Commuter's Wife does not seem inclined to let her laurels rest on previous chapters from her Wonder Book, and the reading public cannot help but fall in line and agree that the Wonder Book necessarily must contain more and more of the fragrance of the garden, and that the fresh, sweet thoughts written from time to time are as pearls of the first water.

"The Woman Errant" does not mar many of the pages of this last instalment, and we are thankful that she does not. The woman who has to earn her own living is a welcome addition to the business world and clearly defines her position in the results which she accomplishes. But the woman of wealth and position who yearns for experience and leaves home, parents and friends in her desire for mental activity is not needed, nor wanted in the field. She must, in the nature of things, become more disappointed, and as in this character, who strolls into the life and thoughts

of the Commuter's Wife, the end is not unusual. The human passions keep pretty good pace with gray matter, and they cannot always be directed in the way they should go. Ivory Steele, the Woman Errant, is



"Springing up, she seized the lamp and . . . stared at her image in the glass."

See p. 247.

no exception when she "experiences" a hopeless love, returns to her old home, in the last chapter, and yields to the exultant microbe, who is always pleased to scatter fever germs.

The Commuter's Wife introduces us in her Wonder Book to people who are genuine as well as cultured, and the atmosphere is of the kind that doubtless reigns in many homes in our wide land. Susanna Crandon is a splendid specimen of a healthy minded girl, and Mrs. Jenks Smith is a wealthy widow, who is agreeable and useful in helping those who are less fortunate in this world's goods to help themselves. All of the characters fit in place, and the dainty bits of nature which the Commuter's Wife paints with her pen are artistic as well as natural, and graceful as well as practical.

The chapters hold the reader's attention, and interest never lags; but the Commuter's Wife, without doubt, makes a plea for the home, and her simple dedication, "To a brave maker of homes," really tells the story.

Life without a bird book is not to be thought of nowadays by anybody, not even the dwellers in cities. I do not know of a better one, for Eastern people at least, than Ralph Hoffman's "Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York." It goes quite exhaustively into the subject, but is not so erudite as to be above the head of the average reader who wants to know without too much hard study. There is a key for each season, with short descriptions of over two hundred and fifty birds. It is profusely illustrated. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50 net.)

Boston Books

Helen M. Winslow

ALICE BROWN has made a fine reputation as a writer of New England stories and ranks next to Miss Jewett and Mary Wilkins. In her new book, "High Noon," she has returned to her familiar stamping ground and has given us a delightful collection of short stories, character sketches, which will do much to establish further her name in the peculiar field wherein she is best known and loved. The volume is like and yet unlike those two earlier ones, "Meadow Grass" and "Tiverton Tales." In this she has done some of her best work and handles her people with rare delicacy and skill. I hope she will cease from such crowds as lived in the "Mannerings" and stick to the field where she can scarcely be excelled. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are her publishers, and the price of "High Noon" is \$1.00 net.

In "By the Good Sainte Anne," the scene is shifted to Quebec, a welcome change from some of the hackneyed places we are so accustomed to reading about. It is a pleasant love story of the affairs of charming Nancy, who is vivacious enough to keep several lovers on the qui vive up to the last chapter. A good summer novel. (Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.)

One of the most interesting of the season's novels in Boston is Mary E. Waller's "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus," also published by Little, Brown & Co. It is a Vermont story and the people and country of that beautiful State are well drawn and set forth with great skill. The hero, Hugh Armstrong, is an original character, and his development through physical limitations and pain is thoroughly well treated. The hero, used to a busy out-of-door life, in felling a tree meets with an accident and loses the use of his limbs. At first he finds it impossible to adjust himself to his shut-in life, but a friend suggests wood-carving to him. Through work and love a great change comes over him, and the author has portrayed to us in a powerful manner Armstrong's salvation. Price \$1.50.

Race Done?

Not a Bit of It

A man who thought his race was run made a food find that brought him back to perfect health.

"One year ago I was unable to perform any labor; in fact, I was told by my physicians that they could do nothing further for me. I was fast sinking away, for an attack of grip had left my stomach so weak it could not digest any food sufficient to keep me alive.

"There I was, just wasting away, growing thinner every day and weaker, really being snuffed out simply because I could not get any nourishment from food.

"Then my sister got after me to try Grape-Nuts food which had done much good for her, and she finally persuaded me, and although no other food had done me the least bit of good, my stomach handled the Grape-Nuts from the first, and this food supplied the nourishment I had needed. In three months I was so strong I moved from Albany to San Francisco, and now on my three meals of Grape-Nuts and cream every day I am strong and vigorous and do fifteen hours' work.

"I believe the sickest person in the world could do as I do—eat three meals of nothing but Grape-Nuts and cream and soon be on their feet again in the flush of best health like me.

"Not only am I in perfect physical health again, but my brain is stronger and clearer than it ever was on the old diet. I hope you will write to the names I send you about Grape-Nuts, for I want to see my friends well and strong.

"Just think, that a year ago I was dying, but to-day, although I am over 55 years of age, most people take me to be less than 40, and I feel just as young as I look." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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The August number of *Scribner's* will be a Fiction Number. This is the fifteenth of the annual Fiction Numbers that have been published by the Scribners. In these numbers has appeared some of the best work of the most famous writers of fiction, and also some of the best work of writers that have afterwards become famous. A list of the writers for these Fiction Numbers, if printed, would present an array of the most prominent novelists and short story writers of the world. The present Fiction Number will be an altogether remarkable issue, rich alike in text and in illustrations, and including what is claimed to be the best fiction ever collected in a single magazine. The short stories are by Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Nelson Page, Edith Wharton, Josephine Daskam, Robert W. Chambers, Philip L. Allen, Katharine Holland, Brown and Guy Wetmore Carryl, while other contributors are Henry van Dyke, Robert Grant, Nelson Lloyd, John Finley and E. S. Mar-

tin. The Kipling story, coming, as it does, after a long interval during which the author has written practically no fiction, will naturally have an extraordinary interest. It is entitled "They," and is a moving story of great imaginative power, the motive of which is the love of children.

Pleasantly seasonable will be John Burroughs's article in the August *Century* of "What Do Animals Know?" in continuation of the papers lately published. Mr. Burroughs believes that the animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are apt to rate their wit either too high or too low. His article in *The Century's* Midsummer Holiday Number will discuss in detail the curious ignorance animals show so often, and will rank Darwin, Lloyd Morgan, Charles St. John, and Theodore Roosevelt as authorities on natural history.

Hotel Martha Washington

This very excellent hotel for women is a success along the lines where many have failed. It is a hostelry for women where they are not hampered by absurd and degrading restrictions. Young women who are students in New York and who desire refined and comfortable surroundings will find them here. Parents whose daughters are forced to spend a winter in New York without being under the immediate care of a chaperone, can be assured that they will be as safe and sheltered within this home-like house as in their own homes. It appeals to women of refined and cultured tastes, and is so well appreciated by them that early application must be made for rooms, as the books are filled long in advance of the season.

It will be mutually advantageous if, in writing for terms, you will mention having seen the advertisement in the CLUB WOMAN.



Grace Parker Lyon

Oculation a la Mode

Swooning with wild love I leaned
above her,
Some token of Love's paradise to
seek,
A furtive pressure on those red
lips of her,
Desiring still, but still afraid to
speak.

Long time I struggled with the ur-
gent longing,
But feared that she would take
my suit amiss,
And yet at last with doubts most
swiftly thronging
I asked the gentle maiden for a
kiss.

"Oh, dear," she said, "it's wrong
for lads and lassies,
But since you still insist we must
prepare,
While I inhale this flask of filtered
gases,
Step in this room of disinfected
air.

"Please use this wash of mild car-
bolic acid,
Potassium chlorate's excellent
for this,

A medicated screen through which
to pass it"—

And then we had our anti-toxic
kiss.

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Old Mother Hubbard
She went out and rubbered,
New neighbors were just moving
in.

"I'll just take a peep,
My! their furniture's cheap!"
She said, with a satisfied grin.

Not so Old as the Joke

It is getting to be a dangerous
undertaking to write a joke. The
New York *Tribune* sends out the
following discouragement to young
jokers:

One day, when William Dean
Howells was in the editorial rooms
of *Harper's Magazine*, a young
man entered the office, and as he
bore a letter of introduction from
Charles Dudley Warner he was
ushered into Mr. Howell's private
office. After perusing the letter he
asked the young man what he could
do for him. The young man said
that he was a joke writer, and he
had written a joke that he was anx-
ious to have Mr. Howells read.

Mr. Howells read the joke, and
then, turning to the young man, he
asked:

"Did you write this joke?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" he
quickly answered.

"Well," said Mr. Howells, rising,
"you don't look it, young man, but
if you wrote that joke, as you say
you did, you must be at least a hun-
dred and twenty years old."

Esopus Backward

Villager—Yes, Esopus sounds
quite classic. We invented it our-
selves, though. It is the word sup-
pose spelt backward.

Visitor—How clever! But is
there not one "p" missing?

Villager—Oh, no! we are pur-
posely reserving that letter for
election day, when we will use it to
make our distinguished resident
President.—*Utica Observer.*

The Road to Yesterday

Oh, the nursery is lonely, and the
garden's full of rain,
And there's nobody at all who
wants to play,
But I think if I should only run
with all my might and main
I could leave this dreary country
of To-day.

For it can't be far to cross it, since
I came myself last night,
When I went to sleep they
brought me all the way,—
And To-morrow's very near, they
say it's almost in our sight,
So I soon could come again to
Yesterday.

Over there my boat is sailing, all
alone upon the pond,—

I must hurry back before she
blows astray;

And arbutus flowers are trailing in
the pleasant fields beyond,
With the other little, lovely flow-
ers of May.

And the trees are white with blos-
soms, and the air is bright
with song,

And the children all are happy
there and gay.

Oh, I want to go to find them now,
and you may come along,

If you'll show me, please, the
road to Yesterday.

—*Harper's.*

Another Puzzle

Howson Lott: "Here's a copy of
the new time-table."

Suburbs: "What's new about
it?"

Howson Lot: "The way it's
folded."

HIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS,
TO SEE A FINE LADY UPON A WHITE HORSE;
RINGS ON HER FINGERS, AND BELLS ON HER TOES,
SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER SHE GOES.



SO SINGS THE FOND MOTHER IN NURSERY RHYME
TO HER GLAD INFANT, THE WHILE KEEPING TIME,
AND SO CAN ALL MOTHERS WITH TUNEFUL REFRAIN
DELIGHT IN THEIR INFANTS, WHOSE HEALTH THEY MAINTAIN
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OVER FIFTY YEARS SOLD
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The Cactus

"Out of the edge of this thick and unseemly lobe springs a many-leaved chalice of satin sheen. No breeze stirs it; no sun wilts it; no other blossom rivals the lustrous transparency of its petals."—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A dull, wan waste of gray and tree-
less plain,

And face to face, a stretch of
livid sky,

Which sunset splendors may make
glad again

With saffron seas, where clouds
float rosily.

Here uncouth cactus grows, which
will obtain,

For prickly thorns, soft blossoms
by and by.

A crown of red or lemon blooms
regain,

From that worn soil where they
wait patiently.

With opal hues through mist, glow
sky and earth,

On the rough cactus gleams a
satin flower!

Thou, too, dull heart, who and
where'er thou art,

Thou shalt have plenty for thy days
of dearth

For patience, hope, and for thy
weakness, power—

Glad welcome for the years thou
stoodst apart.

—Virginia Donaghe McClurg.
(From "A Colorado Wreath.")

An Art Verdict

Lillian: Did Belinda like the
Madonnas she saw abroad?

Dorothy: She said they were the
worst-looking lot of Biddys she
ever laid eyes on.—*Indianapolis*
Journal.

Ingrown Appreciation

Wealthy Patron: This portrait
doesn't resemble my wife a particle
—not a particle.

Artist: No; it doesn't look much
like her, but—oh, dear sir, the tech-
nique, the technique.—*Indianapolis*
Journal.

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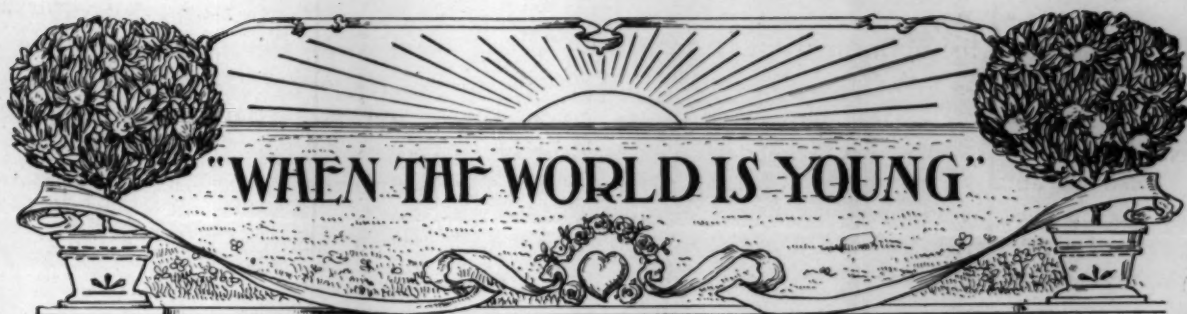
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Why the Thistle-birds Came

By Helen Wells

MANY years ago, away in the shadow of great forest, stood two little cottages. In those cottages dwelt two little boys, one in each cottage.

They were about the same age, and one little flaxen head looked very much like the other little flaxen head, and one little round-about jacket resembled the other little round-about jacket, and one little sturdy pair of legs were much like the other little sturdy pair of legs. And it was no wonder that people often said: "Those boys look exactly alike."

As they were usually playing together, it was not at all surprising that such remarks were made. But if one looked closely into the little, sunburned, freckled faces they might see that one pair of blue eyes were bright and quick to see and understand, and they might also notice that one little pair of fat legs always trotted off cheerfully to do errands, while the other pair of eyes gazed carelessly and the other hands were not as ready to help. But they were perfectly agreed, for Jimmy was willing to work, and Teddy was willing he should.

So it was that Jimmy's feet ran after ropes and boards that they wanted to use, and Jimmy's hands tied the knots or drove the nails while Teddy stood looking on.

The more one practices doing tasks the better he can do them; and so it was that Jimmy could do almost anything in the way of their play-work. As to running races or turning cart-wheels or to "shinny" up a tree, why, Jimmy could far surpass Ted, because Jimmy used every chance to practice while Teddy only practiced now and then.

We all grow by exercise. Our minds and dispositions grow by exercise, and that is also the way our bad traits grow. If we become selfish or lazy or untruthful, it is because we exercise these traits.

One day the boys were playing together on the banks of the river when they heard a faint cry, as of some animal in pain.

"Whist now, Ted," said Jimmy. "Do yes moind that cry?"

"Yes," answered Ted, carelessly, "some hunters were past here yestiddy. Wounded somethin', I guess; I heard 'em shootin'."

"'Tis from the wather it coomes," said Jimmy, beginning to roll up his trousers.

"What you goin' to do, Jim?" eagerly asked Teddy.

"Goin' to wade out forninst thim logs and find that burrud," replied Jimmy.

"Oh, bother! What do you care?" argued lazy Ted.

"Shure, it's sufferin' it may be," answered Jimmy.

"Well, tain't any of our business," said Teddy.

"Faix, I'll make it Jimmy O'Flynn's business immejity," responded Jimmy, wading out into the water.

When he reached the logs he found a poor wild duck that had been wounded by the hunters and had become fastened between the logs in such a manner that it could not get away.

Jimmy carefully removed the log that fastened the wing, and tenderly took the duck in his arms and waded slowly back to shore.

"What you got?" shouted Teddy.

"A duck what's hurted," answered Jimmy.

"What you goin' to do with it?" asked Teddy.

"Take it home, sure, 'till it's well again," replied Jimmy.

"Oh, pshaw! Let's poke it wid a stick and see if it can run," proposed Ted.

"Av yez do, I'll poke your head wid me two fists, and thin there'll be two runnin'," said Jim.

This direful threat stopped all further suggestions of any sport to be derived from the lame duck, and Ted trotted along beside Jimmy towards home.

"Won't your ma scold you for bringing that dirty bird home?" he queried.

"Dade she won't! 'Tis herself that will be takin' care av it," answered Jimmy, and well he knew. For Mrs. O'Flynn's kind heart prompted her nimble fingers, and soon the wounded wing was washed and some soothing oil rubbed on it, and the bird was

placed in a basket near the warm stove with food and water within easy reach.

It was a very ordinary looking duck, to a casual observer, but if one had gazed closely he would have noticed an unusual pair of bright, gray eyes, and those same eyes were intently watching all the movements of a little Irish boy and his mother.

For several weeks Jimmy cared for the duck, until it seemed quite well and could hop around and fly short distances. Then one day he carried it out of doors and setting it down on the ground, said: "There, Ducky Daddles, it's well yez are now, and it's yez that will be wantin' to fly off and foind your frinds, and it's not me that will be kapin' yez, although it's mesilf that hates to see ye go, along av lovin' yez," and two tears trickled down the freckled cheeks.

What was Jimmy's surprise when a soft voice answered him, "Dear little Jimmy with the kind, true heart, you little know to whom your kindness has been given. I came to you in the humblest disguise I could, and you have done all that you could for me, and you shall be rewarded."

Jimmy gazed in amazement at the duck, scarcely believing his senses, and even as he looked the duck seemed to be covered with a soft gray cloud which gradually changed into a snowy white, and then the cloud parted and from its clinging folds stepped forth the most beautiful little lady he had ever seen.

She was very tiny, being only a few inches in height, and was clad in pale green gauze, while from her shoulders fluttered a pair of beautiful gauze wings. She seated herself upon a large dandelion blossom which hardly bent with her weight; and smiled at Jimmy who was too astonished at what he had seen to be able to utter a word. His blue eyes were opened wide above his freckled cheeks and his flaxen hair fairly stood on end with amazement.

The beautiful little lady continued: "I am Titia, the Queen of the wood-elves, and under our protection are all the wild creatures of the forest. The birds and the shrinking deer, and timid rabbit, and all the creeping, crawling life of the forest depend on us for protection.

"When the hunters come to kill and wound, we fly before them and warn our forest children, and they hide away, safe from harm. When the great storms are on their way we tell our forest children, that they may hie them to their homes. We warn them of the approach of the Frost-King, and all the changes that might harm. My little wood-elves whisper and sing and fill the woods with warning voices, and the forest-children understand and obey. So you may see how badly we feel when the cruel hunter comes to kill and to wound and cause so much suffering, every wood-elf mourns!

"In all our traveling to and fro, from forest to forest, we have learned many things of value to the earth-people. But we have not wished to give good gifts to those of a cruel heart, so I, the Queen, sought to find a heart so kind and tender that even the wood-elves might trust it. Therefore, I changed myself into a duck and you carried me home and cared for me."

"I didn't s'pose——" began Jimmy.

"No, I know that you did not suppose it was a fairy-queen you were caring for," interrupted the fairy. "But it was! Now I am going to give you this bag of golden grain. Carefully plant it and keep it free from weeds, and it will yield the finest wheat the world has ever seen. Each year you must double the amount for planting and in time a king will come riding by on a jet-black horse, with a golden crown on his head. He will buy your wheat and bring you fortune and fame."

Then she gave to Jimmy a bag filled with golden-colored wheat and said, "Work faithfully, and if ill should befall, remember the wood-elves are watching and will help you." So saying, she spread her beautiful gauze wings and floated away, leaving Jimmy with the bag of golden wheat.

As fast as his little fat legs would carry him, he ran to his mother and told her what had occurred.

"Shure, you've been dramin'!" said Mrs. O'Flynn. But when she saw the golden grain she was puzzled and said, "I don't know phwat's coomin' to us, but we'll moind the little lady."

So Jimmy spaded and raked and hoed, until the ground was fine and soft and then he planted his seeds, and they covered about half his garden-patch.

Meanwhile, Teddy had been watching Jimmy work, but when Jimmy offered him half of his precious seed he said, "Naw, I don't want it; s'pose I'm goin' to work in the hot sun for that old seed?"

So Jimmy worked and Ted looked on. By and by, in place of the bare ground there came a covering of bright green grass-like leaves, and these grew taller and taller and each root sent up a stalk of wheat with thickly-set wheat heads. Those gradually grew more and more yellow, until the whole field was a beautiful mass of waving wheat.

Jimmy watched it with delight and all the neighbors exclaimed at the wonderful wheat.

The next year his wheat covered all his garden and a little lot beyond, and again did the neighbors exclaim with wonder and many sought to buy it, but Jimmy said, "No, I shall double my wheat-field next year."

The next year his wheat-field covered lot after lot, and after a time all the land that his mother owned was covered with the wheat.

Then when the harvest came and the people again wanted to buy some of the wonderful wheat, Jimmy

sold some, and with the money bought more land and sowed it with wheat. And so, year by year, he bought more land, and the fame of this wheat that made such sweet bread spread over all the country.

Jimmy was a young man now and owned acre after acre of fine land, and employed many men to help him work; and his mother had silk dresses and many comforts; and he built a fine new home, all with the money from the wheat that the Fairy had given him.

Meanwhile lazy Ted had sat around looking on and watching Jim work. The less Ted worked, the less he liked to and the less he knew how to. So little by little, he grew poorer and poorer, and more indolent. He was called "Lazy Ted" now, and gradually he began to grow jealous of Jimmy and his success. Instead of thinking of the hard work Jimmy had done, he only thought, "How lucky Jim always was." As for himself, he had always had "hard luck." After a while, he grew to dislike Jimmy and wished to do him harm. Then he began to drink liquor, and year by year was becoming more idle and worthless. Every time he saw the beautiful fields of waving grain, jealousy filled his heart and he thought, "How I wish I could spoil the fields."

Now, whenever anyone wishes to do evil, there are plenty of wicked imps around to help him. One of these imps whispered to him, "Go to the old cave and see the gray and grizzled witch who lives there, and she will tell you how to destroy the grain."

So when the night grew dark and there was no light except the fire-flies, and the owls were hooting in the trees, and the bats were come out to seek their prey, Ted came cautiously out of his cottage and sought the cave where dwelt the gray and grizzled witch.

Now the witch had been banished from her country because of her evil ways, and all good folks shunned her. She lived quite alone with only a tame owl to keep her company.

As Ted approached, she stood at the mouth of the cave holding a lantern by whose dim light the outlines of her twisted hunch-backed figure, crooked nose and gray straggling hair looked weird and ghostly.

While Ted was trying to get up courage to approach, her shrill cackling laugh fell upon his ear, and he shuddered.

"What ho! Thou lazy one! what seekest thou?" she asked as her gaze fell upon him.

Poor Ted's knees knocked together and his teeth chattered with fear, and he answered, "Good mother, give me of your wisdom."

"How now, indolent one! what evil wouldst thou do?" interrupted the old witch.

Then Ted began to tell her of Jimmy's success and of his own desire to injure him, when suddenly she turned and gazing keenly at him, said: "Laziness

begets evil thoughts, and evil thoughts beget evil deeds, and 'tis from thine own evil heart that jealousy has sprung. However, evil deeds are my delight. Knowest thou from whence came this wonderful seed?"

"He said the Fairy-Queen gave it to him," answered Ted.

The old witch pondered awhile and said: "It will be a difficult task, so observe carefully what I say. When another month has come and the moon hangs low in the sky, and the fire-flies flicker through the grass, come to the edge of the forest, and under a huge flat stone thou wilt find a bag of seed. Take the bag of seed in thy right hand and walk backwards towards thy home repeating these lines:

"Wind and lightning, come as ye may,
Obey the witch from Canada.

"This shalt thou repeat three times, and then turn and bow three times to the low-hanging moon; at every bend in the road thou must repeat the lines and bow to the low-hanging moon."

"What shall I do with the seed?" interrupted Ted.

"Cease thy chatter and listen well," said the witch angrily. "When the moon is past its full and the nights are dark, thou shalt go through these wonderful wheat fields and scatter this seed, repeating these lines:

"Wind and lightning, come as ye may
Obey the witch from Canada.

"And thou wilt work as thou never hast before," and her cackling laugh rang out maliciously. Then she resumed, "Night after night shalt thou work and the seed shall spring up and ruin the wheat."

Ted listened attentively to the old witch, and when she had finished speaking the light suddenly went out, leaving him in total darkness. The wind moaned and shrieked, low mutterings of distant thunder sounded on the air, and by the faint flashes of lightning Ted found his way home.

All the time the words of the old witch rang in his ears, "Laziness begets evil thoughts, evil thoughts beget evil deeds, and from thine own evil heart jealousy has sprung," and he knew her words were true. Jim had never hurt him, he had even offered him half of his precious seed.

But the thought of Jimmy's increasing wealth made him bitter at heart again, and the evil imps danced gayly around him.

So when the next moon was past its full, and the nights grew dark, Teddy carefully obeyed all the words of the old witch. But as he crept stealthily from field to field, the little wood-elves who were perched in the trees and hidden in the bushes, guarding the wheat, watched and wondered. Then one of

them gathered some of the seed Ted had sown and flew with it to the Fairy-Queen.

She looked carefully at it and then said, "'Tis the seed of the Canada Thistle, but from whence comes it?" There is only one that would possess this seed, and that is the old Canadian witch, Urgy, who lives in the cave."

Then she lifted a small golden trumpet that hung by her side and with it gave the call of the wild duck. Three times she repeated the call, and soon the whirr of many wings and the pattering of many feet showed that the call had been heard, and the little wood-elves gathered far and near at her command.

When they were all gathered, she raised her wand and instantly perfect silence fell upon them. Then her silvery voice was heard: "Listen, my children. Our friend of the kind, true heart hath an enemy who is trying to destroy his wheat. We, who watch over our friends, must prevent this. Keep your careful watch until the moon rides high at midnight, then meet me in the fairies' bower and I will give you your orders."

So thousands of bright eyes watched Ted that day and when midnight was come and the elves were all gathered together in the fairies' bower, the Queen thus addressed them: "The seed that the enemy has sown must not be left to lie upon the ground, for it will take root and grow. You, my children, must go from field to field and pick it up. Were you to go in your present form some mortal eyes might see you, and you know we do not want the earth-people to know of our existence, for they would hinder our work and our Forest-children might suffer.

"So I have thought out a plan. I will change you all into birds; and I will give you a beautiful yellow color that you may fly in safety amongst the yellow grain, and I will give you black caps for your heads, and black wings, so that when you are flying you may not be so easily seen by the hunter; and I will give you a sweet voice that you may sing and tell each other in bird language all that you may learn that is of interest. I will also give you a great fondness for the taste of the thistle-seed, that it may be a pleasure to you to eat them."

Then all the little wood-elves passed before her, and as she touched each one with her magic wand it changed into a beautiful bird with black cap and wings, and as it flew up it sang a sweet song. When all had passed before her and had been changed into birds, they waited for the Queen to speak.

Then she waved her wand and smilingly said, "Learned people will call you 'Golden Finches,' but the people you help will call you 'Thistle Birds.' Go

now and eat all the thistle-seeds you can find, and when your task is o'er gather here in the mossy dell and tell me of your labors."

So saying she dismissed them, and the beautiful birds arose in the yellow cloud and spreading their wings flew away over the fields, where the thistle-seed had been sown. As they flew over the wheat-fields, they sang

"Sunshine and shadow, come as ye may,
We fear not the witch from Canada."

At the end of many days they met again in the mossy dell and the Fairy-Queen appeared, "Couldst thou find the thistle-seed?" she asked.

"Yes, most gracious Queen," they sang in answer, "much good can we do every year in this way, and besides we like very much the taste of the seed!" and they trilled out a merry laugh.

"'Tis a good thought," said the Queen, "for when Thrift has sown seed, then will Laziness allow the thistles to grow. So yearly when thistles are ripe and ready to sow their seed, thou mayst leave thy woodland bowers and take the form of birds and fly away to the waving grain and eat the thistle-seed. So shall we thwart the wicked old witch from Canada."

All the birds clapped their black wings and sang for joy that they would in this manner be able to help mankind. So Jimmy's wheat-field went unharmed. And when the stalks hung heavy with the wheat, a great King with a golden crown upon his head came riding by upon a jet-black horse. He offered Jimmy a great fortune for the wheat and when he heard the story of the lame duck and the Fairy Queen, he asked Jimmy to come and live at the palace, for, he said, "A boy that has shown so much industry and kindness through all these years is fit to live with a King."

So Jimmy and his mother went to live at the beautiful palace and Jimmy became a great man and married the King's lovely daughter, and the wood-elves all rejoiced.

Every year when the grain is ripe and the thistles are in seed, the Fairy-Queen sends the little yellow birds to eat the seed. For Laziness lets many thistles grow, and were it not for the little wood-elves, in the form of yellow birds, the country would be spoiled by thistles. So to this day the thistle-birds come and sing their sweet songs and do their kindly work for us. All because one little boy had a kind, true heart! At least, that is what one of the little birds told me as he sat swinging on a branch of purple thistles, when I asked him "Why the thistle-birds came?"

Recipes

Cream of Corn Soup

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned corn.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter.
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water.	$\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon flour.
$\frac{3}{8}$ cup milk.	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
$\frac{1}{4}$ slice onion.	Few grains pepper.

Chop corn, add water, and simmer ten minutes; rub through a sieve. Scald milk with onion, remove onion, and thicken milk with butter and flour cooked together. Add seasonings, and strain.

Cafe Mousse

Soak a third of a box of gelatine in half a cupful of water one hour, dissolve it over hot water and add one cupful of clear, strong coffee. Strain and add three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar. When cold add carefully and slowly two cupfuls of cream whipped very stiff. Beat until it begins to stiffen, then put it in a mould, cover with greased paper, put on the cover of the mould and pack it in salt and ice and let it stand two hours.

Carolina Cake

Cream one cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, add half a cupful of milk. Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with three cupfuls of flours sift thoroughly and add it with the beaten white, of eight eggs. Flavor to taste and bake in a loaf.

Clam Fritters

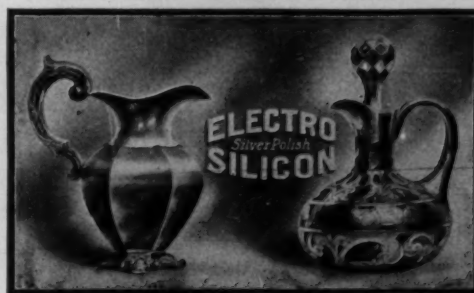
Chop the clams fine or simply cut off the beards and leave the rest of the clams whole. Make a thick batter, using one-fourth of a pound of flour, one level saltspoon of salt, one-half saltspoon of pepper, two eggs, one tablespoon of salad oil, one cup of water and one-fourth level saltspoon of nutmeg. Mix all these together with the yolks of the eggs, beat the whites to a stiff froth, then mix them with the batter which should be stiff enough to hold the drops from the spoon in shape when dropped upon the batter. If you have enough clam-juice use it in preference to water for thinning the batter. Mix the clams with the batter and drop the mixture by the tablespoonful into boiling lard. Fry to a golden brown; drain for a moment on brown paper in the mouth of the oven and serve very hot in a pyramid on a folded napkin.

Bread Omelet

Boil two potatoes with their skins on, peel them when cold and chop fine; melt one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; turn in the potatoes; turn with a flat knife until nicely browned; add one tablespoon of chopped parsley, pepper and salt and set on one side to keep hot while you make a plain omelet with three eggs. When the eggs are slightly set sprinkle in the potatoes and fold. Serve immediately.

"Did he have enough sand to propose?"

"Yes, but he didn't have enough rocks to marry."



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Fried Cucumbers

Pare and cut lengthwise three large cucumbers in slices about half an inch thick soak them in ice water one hour, then wipe each piece dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour or corn meal, and fry in one tablespoonful of butter on both sides until brown.

Tomatoes Broiled

Slice six tomatoes half an inch thick, but do not peel them. Dip them in one tablespoonful of oil or melted butter, sprinkle with pepper and salt and broil them eight minutes on each side. Serve them with bits of butter sprinkled over them. Add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Spinach Salad

Boil and chop fine half a peck of spinach, mould it in six claret glasses, and stand away until cold, Prepare six leaves of lettuce, put on each a square of cold boiled ham or tongue, turn out the mould of spinach on this and put on each a tablespoonful of French dressing.

Beignets Souffles

Put an even tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan with six tablepoonsfuls of water. When beginning to boil stir in carefully four tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook about five minutes, stirring constantly, then take from the fire and odd one by one four eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir quickly until well mixed, then drop by the teaspoon into very hot lard, fry a very light brown, drain them on a napkin, roll in powdered sugar and serve with a soft sauce.

Fruit Snowballs

Take about two cupfuls of bread dough, add half a cupful of butter, mix in one cupful of currants and raisins or any kind of fruit, form the dough into six small balls, steam them half an hour, roll them in powdered sugar and serve hot with whipped cream.

Banana Sauce

Boil half a cupful of sugar with one cupful of water until it will spin a thread, then add three bananas cut in pieces, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat until the bananas are mashed to a jelly and when boiling take from the fire. Stir in two eggs well beaten and it is ready for use.

Fair Folks

Don't Blame Nature, but Investigate

Many claim they are nervous "by nature" when it is really only because they are slaves to the coffee or tea habit, and this is easily proved by cutting out the coffee or tea for 10 days and using well boiled Postum Food Coffee instead—then comes the change.

"I seemed endowed by nature with a nervous constitution," says a lady of Knoxville, Tenn., "and although I felt tea and coffee were bad for me the force of habit was so strong I just couldn't give them up.

"Someone suggested that I try cereal coffee, but I remembered what insipid drinks we used under that name during the Civil War and so without ever looking into the subject or realizing what progress science has made in this direction I just wouldn't give Postum a trial until finally the W. C. T. U. in our city started an exchange where there were so many calls for Postum it was served regularly and many were thus induced to try it, myself among the number. How delighted I was to find it so agreeable, delicious and satisfying. As I had suffered from nervous prostration a change from tea and coffee was imperative, but all these troubles disappeared after I had used the Postum faithfully for a few weeks.

"A sister and a son-in-law were converted to Postum at the same time and now we all enjoy it as well as we ever did coffee, but instead of making us nervous, like coffee, we enjoy steady nerves, sleep sound and are in every way better for the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

This lady found what she thought was natural nervousness was only due to an acquired taste for coffee that is to some people a sure destroyer of nerves and health. Like her, anyone who cuts off coffee altogether and uses well boiled Postum in its place will be greatly benefited after a few days and the return to health is a joyful journey.

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